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Fortune in Martinique

By . . .

WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

THAT mild man, M'sieu Vulcain Cassard, was breathing rather heavily through his prominent nose at the instant that Madame Cassard—his wife—descended the dark stairs and came into the rear of the shop.

He was not, for a moment, aware of her. His eyes were directed through the open doorway into the Rue des Miracles. And Madame Cassard, pausing, bulging fatly on the bottom step, looked into the street also, with particular interest.

She saw the familiar brick facade of the Hostelry of Mars and, beyond, the weathered Sign of the Foul Anchor; she saw the row of plump almond trees bordering the deep cobble gutter, and the neat pattern of light and shadow laid down by the morning sun.

But the street was at peace, dozing, soundless. In fact, empty. This was curious. The shop was also empty, save for Vulcain. Yet she had heard another voice. Not Vulcain's voice. The voice of a woman? It was conceivable.

The air contained (she could feel it) a tight sense of unusualness; everything was not right, not routine. And there stood that spare one, the frugal Cassard, wheezing with extraordinary fervor through his cornucopia of a nose. Why?

Madame Cassard wondered. She cursed her lips. She spoke.

"With whom were you talking?"

Her voice was rich and twanging; ponderous, big, like herself. M. Cassard swung about.

"Eh?" he said, startled. "Talking?" and his eyes, colorless, came to rest, like returning lost sheep, on the amplitude of Madame Cassard's furrowed chin.

"Ayee!" she said. "Don't be stupid. I asked whom you were talking with. Are you the inside of a barn that you must echo me?"

And she looked her husband

straight in the eye like a woman with a knife concealed in her stocking.

Vulcain Cassard shrugged within himself. It was too early in the morning for quarrelling, and he did not feel well. No protest stirred him; the day of protest was far, far in the past. By a muscular action almost reflexive, a conciliatory smile played briefly over his thin lips.

"Ah," he said, and again, "Ah. Of course; the customer. You must forgive me, my dear. I did not quite hear you—"

Well, thought Madame Cassard, tapping her toe on the step—this was very odd; this was so obviously evasion. But she controlled herself. "Well?" she said, at length.

Then, as if a spring had been touched, M. Cassard's mouth opened and his voice droned, establishing a kind of dull rhythm.

"It's that I was somewhat startled, you understand," he said. "It was so very unusual. Listen: I came down and opened the shop. I opened the shutters on to the street. I prepared my cup of coffee. I drank my cup of coffee, and at that moment the woman came in from the street—"

"Go away instantly, or I will send for a gendarme," Madame Bondy said.

"I knew it!" interrupted Madame Cassard impudently. "I knew I heard the voice of a woman. I felt it. I was not mistaken. Why did you not say so in the first place?"

"Say what, my dear?"

"That you had a woman in the shop."

"That I had—! Are you sure you understand, my dear? This woman—this customer—"

"Who was she? What did she want? At this hour!"

"But, my dear, I am coming to that—"

"You are coming to it in a most exasperatingly roundabout manner," Madame Cassard said scathingly.

"I demand that you tell me why you are making a mystery of this woman."

"But I am not!" A spurt of something approaching spirit lifted for a moment the pale voice of Vulcain Cassard; and then faded. "I am simply trying to explain to you why I was startled and surprised. Because I knew the instant I laid eyes on her that the woman was Anne Bondy—"

"Anne Bondy?"

"But exactly, my dear. You see, you're surprised, too."

"What did she want of you?"

"Of me? Nothing—nothing of me personally. She came into the shop

to inquire the direction to the home of M. Morin, the attorney, with whom she said she had affairs to transact."

"Affairs at this hour!"

M. Cassard's stooped shoulders rose and fell. He said, wearily, "It's early, yes—six o'clock. But is that so very odd an hour to do business with M. Morin? I don't know. In any case, I am not responsible for the hour."

"Continue," said Madame Cassard tartly.

"That's all there is. I politely told her the way to M. Morin's. And she bought a packet of thread, the best grade, and thanked me and went away."

The lips of Madame Cassard's extensive mouth curled.

"I invite you to observe," she said, "that your story is full of flaws. This notorious Bondy woman comes with great secrecy to the shop at six o'clock in the morning to inquire the way to M. Morin's! She comes here, though every shiftless jack in town knows Morin's house and could tell her in an instant—"

She paused, then flung at him: "What did the Bondy woman really want?"

"I have told you."

"Then why were you whispering with her? Do you whisper about thread?"

"You are being ridiculous, my dear

Violette," said Vulcain Cassard in a faint voice.

For the space of a long breath Madame Cassard regarded him silently. Then she turned on her heel and with deliberately weighty tread mounted the stairs to their rooms above the shop.

And M. Cassard felt his ineffectual anger rise within him; agitation tore at his breast and a keen sense of injury possessed him.

That was the way it began.

Later in the morning a low cloud blew over the island from the windward side and spilled a half-hour's rain on Fort Royal. Vulcain Cassard, a lean figure, sat morosely in his doorway and smelled the warm odors of the tropical town. This was Martinique, heart and centre of the West Indies, on the first day of July, Anne Domini 1719. M. Cassard hated it.

He brushed his forehead delicately with a limp finger and, for a while, entertained in his mind a picture of the cool grey skies of Rouen, of sweet Normandy—his true home, the hearth he had so madly forsaken.

It occurred to him then, as he tilted sack-like in his chair and stared down the steaming Rue des Miracles towards the sea of the Cariba, that he had three major regrets in life. He ticked them off dourly on the stem of his pipe.

Please turn to page 4

Hot Water magic
by RHEEM



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Fortune in Martinique

Continued from page 3

THE first was that he had been born at all; the second, that he had, fifteen years ago, when he was twenty-five, in the throes of a temporary insanity that left him aghast, courted and won (the word appalled him) this Violette Cecile Baudrillart, daughter of a Norman baker; and last, that he had crossed the Western Ocean to seek the fortune said in Normandy, by irresponsible persons, to grow on the trees of Martinique.

Fortune! Vulcain Cassard worked his mouth and spat.

This was his fortune: to have been born; to have been saddled with a prying, suspicious, eternally shrewish woman, the enemy of peace; and—the climax—to have cast his lot in Martinique.

And now—M. Cassard thought of Anne Bondy.

He thought of her without pleasure.

His principal grievance was that she was a woman. True, she was cut to a daintier pattern than Violette Cecile. Doubtless there was a type of man who would be attracted by Anne Bondy, by her vitality, her firm assurance, but—

But not Vulcain Cassard. He sat in his chair suffering intensely under the thought of Violette Cecile and of Anne Bondy.

The evidence indicates that sometime during the morning Madame Cassard poured her preposterous suspicions into the ear of Madame Froidevaux, wife of the pharmacist, who knew from long practice what can be done with a morsel of gossip.

At noon, exactly at noon, M. Froidevaux, having shuttered his pharmacy for the hours of luncheon and siesta, passed jauntily down the Rue des Miracles. He saw Vulcain Cassard in the doorway of the wine-tobacco-and-miscellaneous shop. He paused. He signed to M. Cassard with his hand.

A grin occupied his fat mouth; and then, very suddenly, a kind of awful spasm contracted the right side of his face.

"What the deuce are you winking about?" snapped M. Cassard.

"Ouf!" said Froidevaux. The crooked grin persisted. "As if we didn't know—eh, old boy?"

"I haven't the faintest notion what you're talking about."

Froidevaux's beard twitched suggestively. "Come, come, Vulcain," he said. "We're men of the world, you and I, hein? We can discuss these things when the ladies aren't around. I've taken a bit of a fling myself, now and again—"

Vulcain Cassard was acutely aware that he did not like Froidevaux at all. He said, tight-lipped, "Move on, please. I've no stomach for your nonsense."

Froidevaux said amiably. "With me you need not adopt this pose of sanctity. This is old Froidevaux who speaks to you!"

"I repeat—"

"My reference," M. Froidevaux said in enormous good humor, "is to Madame the Widow Bondy. I confess I was amazed! You can never predict anything about the taste of a woman—"

He contributed a subtle stirring motion with his hands.

Then, for the first time, Vulcain Cassard saw where the conversation was leading.

"St. Denis!" he exclaimed in a rush of incredulity. "What lies have you been listening to?"

M. Froidevaux smiled blandly. "Rest tranquil, my friend," he purred. "Your secret's safe with me. Discretion is but another name for Froidevaux."

And he turned and went away, jauntily, down the street. M. Cassard returned to his chair and stared blankly into the Rue des Miracles. "Anne Bondy," he murmured under his breath; "Anne Bondy," with all the distaste in the world.

This Anne Bondy was a name that opened and closed conversations in Martinique in that season. Everybody knew her; but nobody knew much about her. She kept to herself with an untouchable aloofness. She had arrived in the island six months before, and was rumored to be exceedingly wealthy. She bought the elaborate Larousse mansion in the Rue Albert Mathon.

She owned a ship, and sometimes sailed in it for trading southward

to the Venezuelan shore. She was a widow.

But widow was an odd word, applied to her. Widow has certain fixed implications of greyness, of bereavement. But not with Anne Bondy. Age about thirty, skin softly and warmly tanned; hair bright as a tropical flower. Efficiency clearly expressed in every movement of her hands. A woman who could—and did—drive a man's bargain in the markets of corn and tobacco.

Vulcain Cassard had been embarrassed and uneasy in her presence. Capable women upset his stomach.

And Raoul Pougin upset his stomach.

Monsieur Pougin was second assistant to the secretary of His Excellency the Governor. He wore cream-colored gloves and crisp lace at the throat of his jacket. He was close to the important men of the colony.

M. Pougin came into the shop before his usual time that evening.

There were a half-dozen tables in an alcove of the shop; and half a dozen regular customers came each evening at five o'clock to drink a few glasses of wine.

M. Pougin entered this evening at a quarter before five and sat at the first table, nearest the doorway. He was removing his gloves as M. Cassard approached from the rear of the shop.

M. Pougin nodded towards a chair. "Sit down, Vulcain. Join me in a glass of your excellent wine." He spoke lightly for a few minutes of the conditions of empire. Then he

"Why must we have enough memory to recall to the tiniest detail what has happened to us, and not have enough to remember how many times we have told it to the same person?"

—La Rochefoucauld.

said, much too casually, "And what's this I hear about Madame the Widow Bondy?"

Ridiculously, M. Cassard's shoulders jerked, and he uttered a series of dry, gulping sounds, like hiccups. "What," he demanded tensely, "do you imply?"

"Ah..." said M. Pougin, slowly. "So that's the way it is! His eyes took on a far-away look. "But you can trust me, Vulcain. Your old friend of many years—"

M. Cassard pointedly said nothing. Pougin shrugged. "Very well. I confess I admire your discretion. You have the instincts of a gentleman, Vulcain. Tell me—at what hour do you close shop?"

"At seven," Vulcain said. "Why?" "His Honor M. Rocheblave, secretary to the Governor, would like to meet you."

"Me?" "Yes," said Pougin. "You. This afternoon he said to me, 'Who is this Cassard of whom they say—' and so forth. I told him."

"What do you mean by 'Of whom they say—'?"

"Vulcain," said M. Pougin, "do not be tiresome. M. Rocheblave has invited you to dinner at his home. The honor is considerable. It is not everybody who is invited to dine with M. Rocheblave. Now, what answer am I to take him?"

"As you say, it's an honor," murmured Vulcain Cassard. "But if the invitation is based on any premise that I am—how can I say it?—acquainted with Madame the Widow Bondy—"

"Because, of course, you're not," said M. Pougin, smiling.

"No. I'm not!"

"Naturally. I give you my word, old boy, the Governor's secretary is a man of absolute tact. Why should he mention Madame Bondy?"

"In that event—"

"Good! Dinner at nine at the house of M. Rocheblave. And compliments to you, my dear fellow. You rise in society, eh?" M. Pougin put down his glass, bowed with elegance, and went away.

The dinner was memorable. Fat snails from the heights of Mont Pele with exactly the right soupçon

of garlic; fillet of beef that parted magically before the merest touch of the blade; brandy in thin glasses, copiously supplied.

M. Rocheblave, his fine military face beaming expansively, said, "Cassard, my friend, how does it happen that you and I have never rubbed shoulders before?"

Vulcain Cassard twisted his velvet jacket so that the worn spot on the collar was out of the candlelight's range. "Your Excellency—" he began.

"Come! Call me Antoine."

"Thank you—Antoine." M. Cassard grinned with pleasure. "Well—I suppose it's that we've moved in different circles, eh?"

"Precisely. I never see you at the club these days."

M. Cassard had never been invited to the club. But why say so?

"I mean," continued M. Rocheblave, "you've kept yourself altogether too exclusive. The lone wolf, hein? But I appreciate, of course, that your time is doubtless fully occupied. Business pressure, eh? And—" he coughed—"affairs of the heart."

A warning knife thrust pricked Vulcain Cassard. What was this?

The host exploded the silence with a laugh. "But you are a sly one, Vulcain! We'll mention no names, eh? But I tell you, man, if I were fifteen years younger, I'd give you a taste of competition—"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Vulcain Cassard, tilting his glass.

M. Rocheblave hitched his chair closer with an air of intimacy.

"Hark to me," he said. "Since, as I am told, a certain lady has expressed a decided preference for you, amongst all the bucks in Martinique, it is to you I must address myself. Frankly, old man, I'm going to ask a favor."

Cassard found his voice. The words that bubbled out were "misapprehension, all a misunderstanding—" something of that sort; but M. Rocheblave waved them aside.

"I shall be disappointed, M. Cassard, if you are going to be difficult. I take the liberty to remind you that I am myself in a position to dispense favors in this colony. Give and take, not so? Very well! A certain delightful young lady, whose heart you have taken in your hands, is buying land for cotton-growing—"

He refilled the glass of M. Cassard. "I own exactly the land she needs," he went on. "I want to sell it. But she won't so much as look at it."

Cassard drained his glass. The brandy was good. He narrowed his eyes to look at Rocheblave.

Capital fellow, Rocheblave. Nothing snobbish about him, no airs. See—how engagingly he smiled! M. Cassard found that he was suddenly stimulated by a warm interest in the problem of his good friend Rocheblave. Something about cotton land. Seemed like a shame.

He tapped M. Rocheblave's knee chummily. "Who won't look at your land?" he asked.

"Madame Bondy."

"Why won't she?"

"I don't know—I can't say. She repulses my agents, and now I learn she is negotiating for the Gostier estate."

"Ah! That's very bad."

"It's infuriating. I wish you'd use your influence with her."

Vulcain Cassard was aware that his head had taken—very strangely—to wheeling and dipping like a gull in flight; and he found some difficulty in following the conversation of M. Rocheblave.

But the main idea seemed to be that his good friend, who was secretary to the Governor and a man of broad information, believed that Madame the Widow Bondy (a particularly attractive woman; beautiful face) had fallen in love with him—with him, Vulcain Cassard!

Vulcain Cassard rubbed his nose. If you considered it calmly, he said beneath his breath, was there any reason why Madame the Widow Bondy should not have fallen in love with him?

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A DISH OF APPLES

By WALTER C. BROWN



Chris took up an apple and studied it solemnly, just the way Irene used to do.

knotted up my insides to look round the little room again, to see the manuscript of my half-finished novel stacked neatly on the desk.

The book had been Irene's idea. I'd told her about a man I knew—the story of his life, the inside story. And I laughed when Irene said I ought to make a book of it. Knocking out a sports column was one thing, writing a novel was something else. And where would I get the time?

"You could do it, Ken," Irene said. "Start it. Write a couple of pages a day," she pleaded. "Just to please me?"

So that's how the book got started. It was tough work, and I bogged down badly until Irene came to the rescue. Irene told me to pretend I was just talking to her, telling her the story. And the idea worked—it worked splendidly.

"Now you've got it, Ken!" Irene said, and there were tears in her eyes. Irene was so proud of the book—so proud and happy every time I added another page, another chapter.

I sweated over that book every night, after I came home from the paper. And no matter how late I finished, Irene always came in with a pot of black coffee and a dish of apples on a tray.

The coffee was for me, the apples for Irene. While I sipped my coffee, she'd sit there across the desk, biting into a big red apple while she read the new script. Now and then she'd glance up at me and smile, with a slow dimple breaking in her cheek. Then she'd take another crunch of apple and go on reading.

We didn't have a title for the novel. It was just *The Book*. It was going to do wonderful things for us. It was going to buy us a house in the country, and leisure time and gracious living. And later we were going to pack up and go see for ourselves if the world was really round.

I didn't know then what an act Irene was putting on. Only later I found out from the doctor that Irene had known it was only a matter of time for her—a short time. All I knew was that Irene and I had moved even closer to each other, that she had her heart shining in her eyes; her voice was as gentle as the touch of velvet.

Now I looked at the pile of neatly typed sheets and I hated them, thinking of the hours of work they represented—hours I could have shared with Irene.

I slammed the script into a desk drawer. I opened the typewriter and started pounding out the story of how Red Cavanaugh had knocked out Danny Petrucci. I didn't give a hoot about either of them. I didn't give a hoot about anything in the world.

So I finished the job, and slapped the cover back on the machine. I was checking through the story when I smelled something. I jumped up, sniffing, startled. It smelled like coffee.

It was coffee, and the smell of it gave me an awful jolt, as if time had suddenly turned a somersault. I went down the stairs on rubber legs. There was a light in the kitchen, and Chris, in pyjamas and dressing-gown, making coffee on the gas stove.

"What goes on, Chris?" I asked. "Coffee," he said. "It's for you." He looked at me, sleepy-eyed, half grinning in a sort of embarrassed shyness. "Mother—mother told me that any time you were working late on the book, and I was awake, I was to get up and put the coffee-pot on." I suppose Chris saw the queer look on my face, because he added anxiously, "It's—it's all right, isn't it?"

"Of course—of course it's all right," I said, trying to get the choke out of my voice. Everything inside me was suddenly topsy-turvy.

"It'll be ready in a minute," Chris said. "I'll bring it up."

"All right," I said, and I got out of there fast. I needed a minute or two alone to get myself pulled together.

In a little while Chris came up the stairs. He had the stuff on a tray, arranged just like Irene always had it—coffee-pot, cup, saucer, spoon, napkin. No sugar, no milk. And Irene's special dish with the apples. Three apples—always three apples. "One to eat, two to look at," Irene always said.

It was like seeing a ghost. My hand was shaking as I poured the coffee. I stared at Chris. "When did your mother tell you about this—about the coffee?"

"Oh, a long time ago," Chris said. "It was the day she first sent for the doctor. After he went, she told me she might get sick and have to go away—and if she did, I was to help you—"

Chris' eyes began to moisten, and his tongue stammered, and I said quickly, "So she showed you how to make coffee, Chris?"

The kid nodded, biting his lip. "It's fine, Chris," I said. "You certainly made a good job of it. . . . And she told you about the apples, too?"

Chris nodded. "She said not to forget the apples. Three apples, in that dish. And always wash them first—"

I couldn't say anything, I couldn't even swallow the lump in my throat. To Chris it was just three apples in a dish, but to me it was Irene speaking—Irene whispering to me to remember, to pretend that she was still there, across the desk from me.

But it wasn't Irene. It was Chris, eleven-year-old Chris, and all the sleepiness in his eyes couldn't cover up the loneliness and loss that was hidden there. I blurted out the first thing that came into my mind—I asked Chris if he'd like to have an apple.

He reached out and took one, studying it solemnly, just the way Irene used to do, with the same absorbed, meditative look. I noticed his lashes, long and curved. Irene always said Chris looked like his father, but I saw now that he had Irene's clear brown eyes, and Irene's lashes.

And I saw something else—that as long as Chris was in this house there was something of Irene, too, something that even death couldn't take away. Irene must have known that, when she whispered, "Never forget the apples, Chris—three apples, on that dish."

"Chris," I said gently, "perhaps I've made a mistake. About sending you off to Aunt Harriet's. Perhaps you'd rather stay here—with me. Just the two of us, together. Would you like that better?"

Chris made a choking sound. He bit hard on his lip, trying not to cry. But two tears came sliding down his cheeks. "Y-yes!" he stammered. "Oh, yes!"

"Okay, Chris," I said. "We'll stick together. We're going to run into some knotty problems, but we can make it a sort of game, Chris. And once we get that book finished—"

I saw it all clearly then. I could do more for Irene than just finish our book. Chris was also writing a book—the book of his life, a page a day. I could help Chris through those first faltering chapters, show him how to hold the pen, teach him to write with a firm, bold hand. Irene would like that, best of all.

Chris' voice cut into my expanding dream. "Dad, your coffee's getting cold."

I lifted the cup and drank. It was terrible coffee, overbrewed, strong as acid, with sludge on the bottom and loose grounds floating round on the top. It was the best cup of coffee I ever tasted.

(Copyright)

IT rained that night. There were five bouts on the boxing programme, and when the black clouds gathered they put the main bout on ahead of the semi-finals. Down at the ringside, hunched over my typewriter, I thought about Chris, alone in the house.

Chris was only eleven. I remembered Irene telling me Chris was afraid of thunderstorms.

The wind-up ended in the fourth with a kayo, and then it came pouring down. I decided not to go back to the office. I could write up my stuff at home, and phone it to the paper.

I was noisy with the front door. I thought if Chris were awake, and scared, it'd give him a chance to pop out of his room, and talk a while. But there wasn't a sound from upstairs. Beyond the dim light burning on the hall table, all was darkness, and silence, and the terrible numb loneliness Irene had left behind her.

I went up the stairs and stood in the dark hall, staring at the dark door—our door, Irene's and mine. I forced myself to open it and go in. I closed the door before I clicked the switch.

All of Irene's personal things were gone from sight. The window draperies had been changed, and the twin beds covered with a pair of brown spreads I had never seen before.

But all the changes in the world couldn't fool my memory. I remembered rising up on one elbow that morning, staring sleepily at the clock, mumbling, "Irene! We've overslept!" "Irene!" I could see her dark hair spread on the pillow, the soft curve of her cheek, the long lashes of her closed eyes. Closed, just as if it were merely sleep that held her.

My sister Harriet had done all she could to change the look of the room. Harriet had a kind heart, a

warm heart, but she was level-headed, too, and practical.

"Ken, I know this has been a terrible blow," she told me. "But you've got to face things—the realities. Life goes on, you know."

Harriet had been with me all that week, attending to things, smoothing the shock as much as she could. Harriet had worked out what was best for me to do, about giving up the house, and about Chris, Irene's son by a former marriage.

"You let me take Chris," Harriet said. "It will be better for you, and better for the boy, too. That way he'll have a regular, normal home life. You can't give him that, Ken, not with your job. I love Chris, and so does George. We'll make him happy. And we're only seventy miles away. You can drop in and see him."

Harriet had gone home the day before, but she'd be back the next week-end, to get Chris. So this was my first day alone, and I had taken Harriet's advice—I had faced realities.

I'd had a talk with Chris. I'd explained about sending him to Aunt Harriet's—about the crazy hours of a sports reporter, the dreariness of a house without a woman. Every growing boy needed a woman's care.

The kid didn't kick up any fuss. So far as I could tell by his face, Chris seemed quite satisfied. Only after I'd finished he'd asked gravely, "This isn't for all the time, is it?"

"No, Chris," I said. "It's just till we get straightened out again." I didn't tell him how long that might take.

"Just till you get the book finished?"

"That's it," I said. "Just till I get the book finished." I didn't tell him that now the book would never be finished.

Well, that had disposed of Chris, but I felt mean, putting it over on the kid that way.

So that was my start at facing realities. I followed through by going back to the office. The boys were wonderful—no prying and probing, no windy condolences. Just a handshake or a touch on the shoulder, and "Sorry, Ken." And after that, strictly business. As Harriet said, life goes on . . .

I turned out the light and closed the door gently on that room. I stood in the dark hall, thinking about Chris. A quiet boy, Chris—nice manners, a nice kid.

I remembered Irene saying one time, "Ken, I wish you and Chris knew each other better."

NO, Irene wasn't complaining. It was just a wistful thought. I always got on well with Chris, but with the hours I had to keep, we never had much chance to get chummy. And sometimes I felt a little awkward with Chris. I was afraid he might resent my trying to be fatherly. Chris knew I wasn't his real father—that his real father was dead.

Well, the next seven days were going to be a lonely and haphazard time for the boy. But, fortunately, Chris wasn't a jittery kid. He was sturdy, self-reliant. Irene's recipe for children was lots of love, but no coddling, no wrapping up in apron strings. All the week I'd been amazed at the way Chris could look after himself.

I went into the little sewing-room I'd fixed up as an office when I started writing my novel. I had to get busy and turn out my fight story for the morning column. But it

Welcome . . . sweet Springtime
with a joyous new beauty!



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NEW YORK

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FURNISHED ROOM...

By VIRGINIA DALE

TRYING to keep the anxiety out of his voice, Dick Waydon said, "I wish you could see your way to settle it now. I'd certainly like to get it settled." He tried to look at his wristlet-watch without the little man noticing; he didn't want to keep Jean waiting.

He could hear Mrs. Tyner rattling things in the kitchen. He had a feeling that if she'd only stay out there he could get somewhere with Tyner.

"How about it?" he said heartily. "Let's get it fixed up. I'll pay a month's rent in advance to close the deal." He balanced on his knee the box of chocolates around which he'd folded his newspaper. He reached for his wallet.

Little Mr. Tyner struck a match for his pipe. "It's Mother has the say. Those flats, they're her proposition. You'll have to talk to her."

Dick stood up. "I'd like to, very much. Perhaps you'd call her?"

"Well, she's getting dinner now." "Yes, I suppose so. But it needn't take more than a few minutes." Dick smelled the frying chops. "This is the third time I've been here, and last Thursday she said to come in about this time."

Tyner leaned over and straightened the brown scatter rug his feet had slightly disturbed.

"Mother!" he called, scarcely raising his voice. "That young feller's here about that furnished flat, Mother."

After a moment, Mrs. Tyner appeared. She was plump and cheerful. She wore a big apron over a blue dress. She had a permanent wave but evidently did not bother to have it "set," so her brown hair, streaked with white, was a gay friz of short locks.

She gave Dick a smile. "Evening, Mr. Waydon. My, that kitchen's like an oven. Still, we must eat." Dick swallowed. "About that furnished flat—"

"Oh, yes." "You said—I understood you to say—you'd let me know definitely to-night."

"To-night? Did I?—Plx that rug, Dad!—Sit down, why don't you, Mr. Waydon? We might as well be comfortable, I always say."

"Thanks." Dick sat on the edge of his chair. He leaned forward and then made himself lean back. "I don't want to keep you. I was telling your husband I'd like to pay you a month's rent in advance now."

"Dad ain't got anything to do with my flats. Those flats, they're my—like you might say—hobby."

"I see. Well, you'd probably like to get the thing settled and off your mind."

"Oh, I'm not worrying, not a bit! I'll tell you, Mr. Waydon, all I wish is I had another six furnished flats to let these days." She looked at her husband with amusement. "When I went into furnishing up little flats and renting them out, Dad was against it. I guess now he sees all right, don't you, Dad?"

Little Mr. Tyner smiled dimly. Dick crossed his legs. "My wife and I are rather anxious—" he began.

Mrs. Tyner gave a little hitch and tucked her apron under her left thigh.

"Got any children, Mr. Waydon? I thought this morning how all the times you been here I forgot to ask till now."

"No. We—I've only been married five months."

"Well, excuse me, any expected?"

"No." Dick felt himself get red.

"Because those are pretty nice flats I got, and you know how children are, Mr. Waydon. I went to a lot of trouble, not mentioning expense, to have nice stuff."

"I know they're nice," Dick said. "That's the reason my wife and I—the minute our friends the Goulds told us that they were leaving, my wife and I—"

Mrs. Tyner turned to her husband. "You've seen the Goulds. They have Five-A."

"That the one with the pink bathroom, Mother?"

"That's right. I had that whole place done over just last year, Mr. Waydon. Well, you've seen it. I guess you know how lovely it is."

"Oh, yes, I've seen it. We both have," Dick said. "Matter of fact, my wife and I are going there to dinner with the Goulds to-night." He looked at his watch now with intention. "I'll have to be getting along. So if you'll let me give you this to close our little deal—"

He balanced the newspaper with the box of chocolates again and once more reached for his wallet.

"I couldn't take your money now, Mr. Waydon."

"Why not?" Dick swallowed again. "You haven't—you haven't let it to anyone else, have you?"

"No, course I haven't. But the Goulds are still in the place, you know. That's why I don't want to go taking your rent-money too."

"But this is just an advance, to close it. The Goulds go on the first. They told you. It's certain. They leave on Saturday."

"Now, Mr. Waydon, what's certain in this life, I always say?"

UNFORTUNATELY, Dick felt that was too true. He tried another tack to bring the matter to a head. "I'm keeping you from your dinner," he said, trying to put some firmness in his voice. "Besides I have to meet my wife. So—"

But the mention of dinner only sent Mrs. Tyner off at another tangent. "That kitchenette over at the flat, it's complete. I mean it's got everything."

"I know. Jean, my wife, is crazy about it, Mrs. Tyner."

"Can she cook? A lot of these girls nowadays can't boil an egg." "She can cook, all right. She says just give her a chance!"

Mrs. Tyner gave Dick a motherly smile. "What I'd like, 'd be to give you a real, home-cooked meal myself. You look as if you could do with one. I mean, you're kind of peaked, ain't you?"

"Mother's a fine cook," little Mr. Tyner chirped.

"Why, thank you, that's very nice of you." For a moment Dick couldn't decide whether she meant he was to stay to dinner right then or not. He thought of Jean waiting and the Goulds ready for them.

"Dad, you run out and turn down the gas under my potatoes," Mrs. Tyner said.

"I must be going." Dick shifted the newspaper under his arm. "So I'll just leave this with you." He tried to hand her the money; when she didn't move, he put it down on a small round table.

The swinging door flapped after Mr. Tyner.

"Don't leave that money there, Mr. Waydon." And Mrs. Tyner folded her plump hands quietly in her lap. "Things have come up— Well, I'll be frank with you. I always think that's the best way. Her comfortable face was frankness itself. "It's like this; I'll have to put up the



Grabbing her clothes from the wardrobe, Jean angrily threw them on the bed.

rent of that flat. It's only what I'm allowed. There's increased expenses everywhere."

She mentioned the new rent as though it were a trifle barely worth considering, and Dick choked a gasp. "But Mrs. Tyner! For two rooms—"

"Two rooms and a bath and a kitchenette, Mr. Waydon."

"The Goulds aren't paying that," Dick said helplessly. "I'm willing to pay what they are paying."

Mrs. Tyner shrugged slightly. "That don't hardly come into it," she said. "But now that you have brought up the Goulds, I'll say, plain and fair, I don't know but what a complete and entire change wouldn't be best all round. I mean, I'd really prefer strangers coming into the place, who didn't know my former tenants."

"But what possible difference can it make that we know the Goulds?" "I've found it best."

Dick gripped the newspaper and box of chocolates. "Don't do that, Mrs. Tyner, don't do that! The Goulds are leaving town; we'll never see them again." It sounded idiotic,

but he knew he would swear never to see them again if that was the only way—he'd probably even telephone that he and Jean wouldn't come to dinner, if she made an issue of it.

"It isn't as though you haven't a place," Mrs. Tyner said softly. "I try to be fair to all. You got a furnished room, I understand."

"A small room. It's just a little room."

"Well, your people live here in town too, I understand. You was with them when you first married. Oh, I looked you up, Mr. Waydon. I'm very particular about who I take."

"Yes, we stayed with my mother and stepfather for a month. They have just a four-room flat. They—We wanted to be alone."

Her wide face broke into a gentle smile. "Why, of course you did! Don't I know how it is with young folks? No house is big enough for two families, I always say."

He looked at the notes on the small table. "I'll be glad to pay the extra—in cash."

SHE got up. "Well . . . Well, I'll tell you. By Thursday—no, Friday—we'll both know where we stand. We'll leave it till Friday, shall we?" She picked up his money and held it out to him as one offering a gift. "Here, take this back now."

"No, you keep it, Mrs. Tyner. What's the difference, to-day or Friday?" Dick tried to laugh.

"Well, if you insist." She slipped it into her apron pocket. He knew he should ask for a receipt.

"What, Mr. Waydon?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Oh, I thought you started to say something. I'll see you then on Friday. Oh, for land sakes, what am I thinking of? Friday! Dad and me's leaving to see our married daughter Friday. We don't want to get started later than three at the outside. You know how the roads get later."

"You mean you'd like to have me come earlier than this?"

"If you want to catch me, you'd better," she said humorously. "It's just a nice drive. My daughter has a lovely house. His folks gave it to them."

"I see," Dick answered and felt the vague shame he felt when Jean had said, "Other men seem to get places to live," and when his stepfather, though not precisely saying so, made it clear he considered a man should be able to care for a wife properly, or not have one.

"You come then Friday morning," Mrs. Tyner said; "about noon."

That meant asking for time off. "All right," he said, "I'll be here around noon." He felt the chocolate box in the folded newspaper. It had been Jean's idea. "Oh," he said, as though he had just remembered, "these chocolates—"

He thrust the box at Mrs. Tyner. "Well, Dad!" She winked at Dick with conspiratorial joviality as the little man came back. "Look, Dad, a young man up and brings me a box of chocolates. A young man! What do you think of that now?"

Tyner grinned. He looked from his wife to Dick and back again.

Mrs. Tyner sighed. "I'd never get a rise out of him, never in this world. You could be a film star, Mr. Waydon, and Dad would never turn a hair. I'll open it and we'll all indulge."

"I haven't time now, thank you, I'll have to go. About eleven-thirty, then, on Friday, Mrs. Tyner? Will that suit you?"

"Yes, that'll be fine."

"You still won't—you don't want to settle everything now? I'd like to tell my wife that it's definitely settled. We'd like to move in Saturday."

"Now"—she smiled—"I think everything's going to be all right."

"Is it? Can I count on that?"

"Everything's going to be all right," she said again. "I'm one that's fair to all." As the door closed on him Dick heard her call after him; "And thanks for the chocolates."

He went to the bus feeling he'd been hit on the head and had come out of a coma to hear that cheerful "All right."

Jean was waiting for him at their meeting-place. "Dick, tell me! Is it all right?"

"All right," he answered,—"that's exactly what she said."

"Oh, Dicky!"

They walked along the hot pavement. Jean had on one of her trousseau dresses, a lilac linen. "Have I seen that before?" he asked.

"No. What chance have I had to wear my clothes?"

Jean didn't want people coming to the furnished room. "We'll wait till we have a decent place," she'd say. When they had that she would wear all her pretty clothes.

He decided not to tell her about the extra money.

"To think of actually living like human beings!" Jean squeezed his arm. "Instead of living in a trunk! Dicky, have I been a bad sport?"

"You? Never!"

"Sometimes, Dicky—I don't know. I say things—horrid things. But I won't when we have a permanent place. I know I won't, darling."

"I won't either," he promised.

Please turn to page 13

NOT one of Edgar Rutherford's guests, sun-bathing below on that hot afternoon, noticed the quiet little man who stood for a while on the wooded track overlooking Edgar's strip of beach and bathing pool.

He might not have been noticed much anyhow, anywhere, because he was one of those mousy-looking little men who merge into a landscape or make an anonymous unit in a crowd. He wore an ordinary town suit and his skin was yellowish and his hair going grey.

He'd come along the track that wound round the bay from the wharf about a quarter of a mile away.

Seemingly, he was just putting in half an hour between the coming and going of two ferries, the way people with not much to do on a hot afternoon take a ferry ride to one place or another round the harbor.

So the little man had moused round the hillside path, looking aimless enough, stopping every now and then to mop his forehead as he stared out across the water.

It wasn't until he reached Cliffside, the Rutherford property, and sighted the group below that something happened to him. He came to a halt—a dead halt—struck into stillness.

A tinge of color mounted under the yellowish skin, and a point of color, too, seemed to spring up into the pale eyes. He went right to the edge of the track and stared down fixedly. Whatever he saw there certainly blew away his indifference.

The few yards of beach tucked into the half-moon of hill glistened blindingly in the five o'clock sun, and

the flat water was a platter of blue. Above it the eastern sky was almost as solid a blue, as the sun sloped westwards.

And immediately below the watcher was the group of six people.

Brilliant bathing suits, brown skins, bright hair, reposeful limbs heavy with sun on the sand.

The little man, with his downward focused gaze, was right above the group, right in the position to drop a death-dealing grenade on them.

And not many hours later he dropped it . . .

At just about that time, up in the big quiet house with the sun-blinds lowered against the afternoon glare, Sunny Elliott was having tea. Sunny was Rutherford's house-

keeper, had been for ten years. She'd stepped into his dead mother's shoes right after the funeral. Which wasn't much change, as it happened, because Sunny had lived with Edgar and his mother on and off for many years before that.

Everyone knew there was some dim relationship between her and Edgar—his mother's cousin or his father's first wife's half-sister or something such.

She was close on sixty now, matronly looking in spite of being a spinster. As a schoolgirl with golden curls and large blue eyes the name "Sunny" must have fitted her uncommonly well; now the sun, if any, was rayless with blurred outlines.

An hour ago the others had all had tea and gone down to the bathing pool. But Sunny mostly manoeuvred to have hers brought to her alone in her little sitting-room that was cool and dim on the shady side of the house looking out on to the fern garden.

Alone here she could eat without stint or embarrassment.

She leant forward in the comfortable chintz-covered chair, and poured herself a third cup of tea. She had finished the asparagus sandwiches and the fingers of hot toast and now took up the last slender roll of cream-filled marsepan and ate it slowly, with unction.

Food was a lot more than cream and rich ingredients to Sunny. It was a compensation for loneliness and not being loved and the insecurity of always living in somebody else's house. And, at that, "always" only till Edgar got married.

Though, of course, you never could tell. He was thirty-five now—or

thirty-six—and goodness knows he'd been around enough.

She gathered up a blob of cream from her plate and licked it off the tip of her finger neatly. What flavoring, what a cook Mrs. Voss was! You couldn't beat the Belgians at this sort of thing.

Sunny didn't grudge a penny of Edgar's money to pay the wages that maids asked these days. You had to pay six pounds a week now to keep a good cook.

Slowly she finished her tea, leant back from the heavily loaded silver tray and took up the small embroidered napkin and put it to her lips.

The ritual hour at an end, she got up and went out across the hill. The house was empty still. The two maids had the afternoon off and Mrs. Voss was drowsing in the shade at the back somewhere.

She went through the black-and-white tiled vestibule and out the side door into the garden in search of Edgar.

Edgar hadn't gone down to the pool with the others, and she guessed

he'd be over in his lookout—a one-roomed affair that he'd had built for himself on the highest point of the garden.

He slept there now mostly, and spent a good deal of his time there, especially when there were half a dozen of his friends staying in the house, as there were this week-end.

On one side its windows gave a view across the harbor, and from the other he could see his precious lily pond.

When anyone knocked he didn't say "Come in." He'd go to the door and open it, and more often than not he'd stand with his hand on the door waiting to hear what his visitor had to say.

Though if anyone did come in on him unexpectedly he never seemed to be doing anything more secret than poring over a catalogue of water plants or gazing out to the horizon, where the sky seemed to meet the sea.

To-day, Sunny added to her knock: "Can I come in, Edgar?" and Edgar from inside answered: "Yes, come in."

It was a big untidy room with a divan in the corner, comfortable, yielding chairs, and skin rugs on the floor. The atmosphere was pungently male, with tobacco and whisky and the salty sea air.

"Well?" he said, looking up as she appeared.

"I hope I didn't wake you."

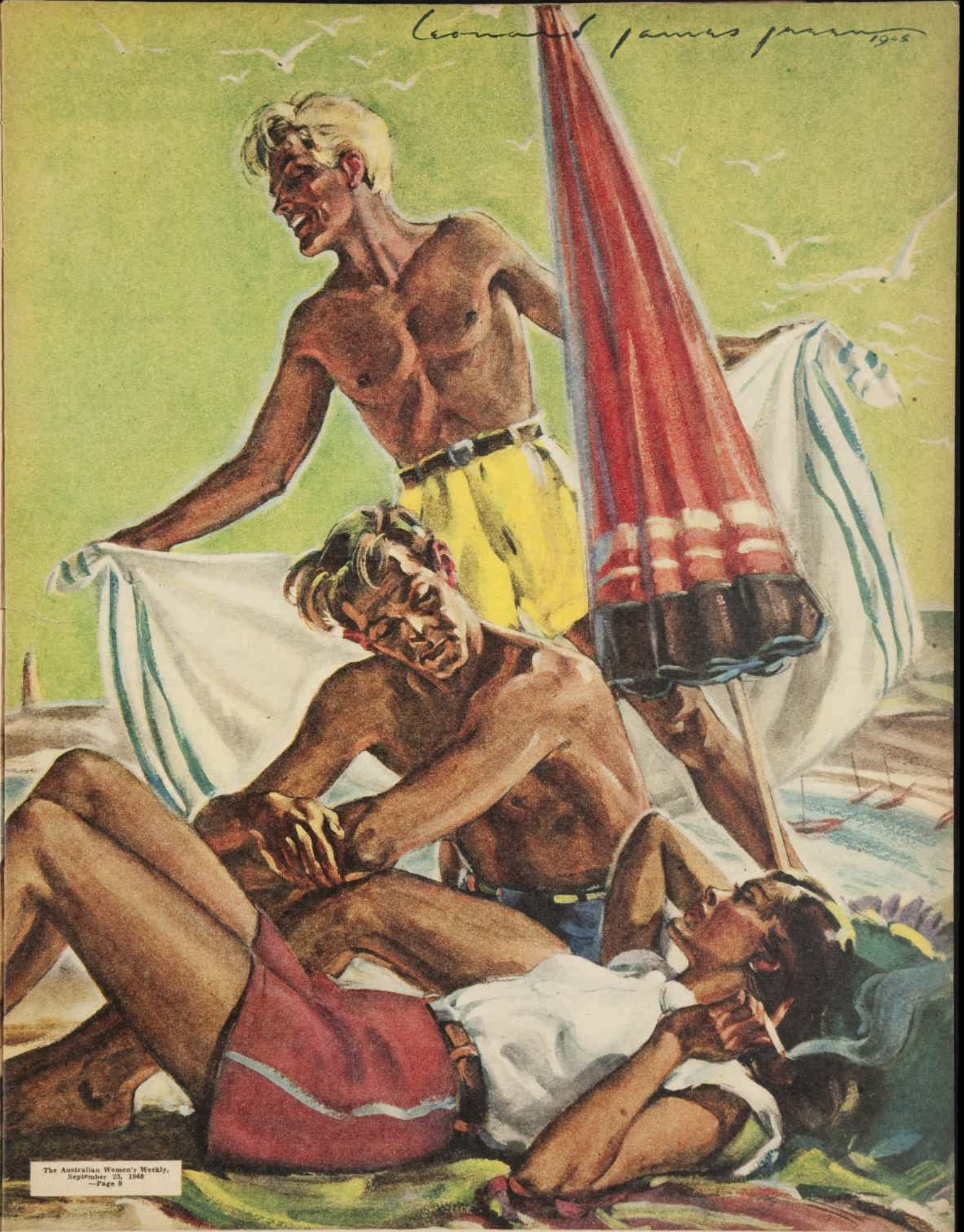
"I wasn't asleep." Edgar lighted a cigarette and flicked the match into the fireplace, where a fire was set all the year round, with big logs and gum branches. He'd had malaria in New Guinea, and sometimes even now a summer westerly made him shiver.

Please turn to page 13

The Australian Women's Weekly,
September 25, 1948
—Page 8



Leonard James James 1945



The Australian Women's Weekly,
September 25, 1946
—Page 9

Reflections of a lovely mother...

BABY'S first little smile... the day she said "Ma-ma"... Carol needs no diary to record such precious moments—they are engraved upon her memory for all time. The wonder of this little girl—hers to cherish and bring to gentle womanhood! Already she is taking the most important step to beauty by entrusting that delicate skin to pure, mild Pears.



CAROL LEARNED from her own mother that a lovely complexion can be a woman's chief pride if the soft, tender skin of childhood is safeguarded with Pears. If you want a fresher, younger-looking skin, give it regular care with Pears.

WHEN CAROL AND BOB WERE MARRIED, Pears naturally took its place in their home. And now, what better beauty secret could she pass on to their own little daughter than the purity and gentleness of Pears! There is no soap milder than Pears to guard the flower-like smoothness of your baby's skin.

Ps. 37,82g

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Fortune in Martinique

Continued from page 4

HE remembered, not too clearly, that in the morning he had been somehow distressed by the growing evidence that Madame Bondy had not come into his shop entirely by—by chance. But now, in the pleasantly warm room, in the stimulating company of his good friend Antoine Rocheblave, he could not remember why. Distressed because a beautiful—and wealthy—widow of thirty summers had broken her heart over him?

Why there wasn't a man in Martinique who wouldn't give a leg for the luck of Cassard!

"What d'you want me to tell her?" Rocheblave said. "Tell her the Gosier estate is inferior to mine. Advise her that the only wise move is to buy the Rocheblave land. You can convince her! And listen: I spoke of favor for favor, I'm a man of my word. There's a tidy profitable position open in the northern district—commissioner of taxes in St. Pierre. Good salary, liberal privileges. The day that Madame Bondy signs a contract with me, the post is yours."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it," Rocheblave said. "You'll know how to handle the widow, eh?"

"Is there room for doubt?" Cassard brushed a finger across his lips, which were rather peculiarly numb. Decision hardened within him. He stood up. "What hour is it now?"

"It's past eleven."

"All right," said Cassard firmly. "I go to her at the instant."

"But it's not too late? She'll be awake?"

Vulcain Cassard held the back of the chair with both hands, supporting himself. He focused his eyes on M. Rocheblave. "Awake?" he said. "I'll waken her." He winked.

The cooler air under the open sky did nothing to steady his steps as he jogged down the hill past the church and turned into the deep-shadowed Rue Albert Mathon.

He knew the house, this expensive Larousse mansion. Lights burned within. He pushed open the heavy grilled gate and mounted to the verandah. A servant with a candle in his hand answered his knock.

Tell Madame Bondy that M. Vulcain Cassard is here," Vulcain Cassard said in a musical tone.

The servant was staring at him. "Madame is retired," the servant said. "I will tell her in the morning that you called."

M. Cassard knew insolence when he encountered it. The servant was an insolent puppy.

"You!" said M. Cassard, loudly. "Is it deafness that occupies your flapping ears? Or did you hear me order you to inform Madame the Widow Bondy that M. Vulcain Cassard is attending her?"

The low fellow made a move as if to close the door—and might have succeeded, for Vulcain Cassard was not one to shatter dignity by tussling with a common servant. But the door remained open; a voice had intervened. The voice of Anne Bondy.

The voice inquired, "Georges! Who is that man at the door? Who is making this uproar?" The tone forceful, yet sweet.

M. Cassard pushed past the servant and stood in the foyer, in the light of the wall candles. He raised his eyes to the stairway—Anne Bondy was there, on the steps, sheathed in a shimmering negligee robe. It flashed into M. Cassard's mind that he had never seen a woman so radiantly lovely.

"It's I," he said softly. "It's Vulcain."

He put his hand on the newel and drew himself to his full height, waiting.

She said, "What do you want? In the middle of the night! Who are you?"

Apparently the light was bad; apparently she could not see him clearly. Perhaps she was a trifle confused by sleep. Vulcain Cassard said, "This is Vulcain who speaks."

She said, "Go away instantly or I'll send for a gendarme. But yes—now I know you! You're the man with the dingy shop in the Rue des Miracles. How dare you presume to come to my house? Georges! I command you to remove this man."

"Wait!" cried Vulcain Cassard. He took a grip on himself. Something was very wrong here. A kind of unfathomable terror boiled up in him and he struggled to clear his mind. "Wait! You don't understand—"

And then he saw; then he knew, sharp and clear, what had happened. Of course!

"Ah, yes," he said. "You're offended, naturally. You think Madame, that I've come here only to induce you to buy Rocheblave's land—"

"Heavens," she cried, lifting her arms. "Now Rocheblave sends his agents in the dead of night! Listen to me, whatever your name is—I've half a mind to slam my door on Rocheblave for all time. But you can tell him this: I have looked at his land, privately. It happens to be what he says it is; it happens to be what I want. So I shall buy it."

Anne Bondy plunged a glance into the depths of Cassard. He wilted before it.

"But tell Rocheblave, also, that if one more of his lunatic agents interrupts my peace, I shall change my mind—and permanently!"

She swung about. She ascended the stairs. The servant's voice intruded. "Get out," the servant said.

The ponderous tones of his wife dragged Vulcain Cassard from the bottom of blackness as deep as a pit. He opened his eyes. Sunlight seared him.

"My head..." he moaned.

Madame Cassard sat on the edge of the bed, her face distorted and two ludicrous tears coursing down her nose. Her voice lifted and fell wheedlingly and the words poured out—

"Stop it!" cried Vulcain Cassard. He winced. He awaited the flood of her anger.

But what she said, and repeated, was "Don't leave me!"

M. Cassard felt very wretched indeed. Waves of pain crashed like surf at the base of his neck. He was in no mood for theatricals. Don't leave her! What chance—

"Commissioner!" she said.

The word attacked his consciousness and slowly registered. "What—"

Madame Cassard clutched a shoulder of his nightshirt. "I know everything," she sobbed. "But I forgive you. Don't leave me, Vulcain! Our years together—Do they mean nothing to you? You cannot leave me for this woman—"

She was pleading with him! She, the iron fist in the iron glove. Vulcain Cassard sat up in bed. What was this sense of power that stirred in him?

"Say quickly what you have to say," he commanded. "I'm listening."

His Honor M. Rocheblave came an hour ago, at eight o'clock, in his carriage. He said you have been named King's Commissioner of Taxes in the northern district. You! Vulcain, I'm so proud of you! Her voice fell to a whisper. "And you were seen last night leaving the house of that woman—"

"Who saw me?"

"Then you admit it! Vulcain—You can't leave me. I'll slave for you—my temper's been bad, I know it has; but I'll reform it."

The poor woman was blubbering afresh. A great surge of pity touched Vulcain Cassard.

Was it really likely that he'd leave her for that acid-tongued widow in the Rue Albert Mathon? That deceptively sweet-looking virago, puffed with her hoard of money, as flighty as the winds, one thing to-day, another thing to-morrow?

"Violette," he said tenderly, "dry your tears. Listen, I renounce the woman. We shall never speak of her again." He smiled. "Kiss me."

She caught her breath; she leaned as gracefully as her size permitted and kissed Vulcain Cassard moistly. His head felt astonishingly better. He moved as if to swing his legs out of bed, but changed his mind.

"Bring me a cup of coffee, my dear," he said. "I believe I'll take my coffee in bed this morning."

He raised a warning finger. "Not too much sugar," he said, and nestled into the pillows.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



MISS MARGARET ANN YOUNG
... her word is law

AMERICAN career-girl Margaret Ann Young examines 4000 film titles each year. She directs film title registration bureau conducted by Motion Picture Association of America. Suggests no titles herself, but word is law on what they cannot be. Sees titles do not offend morally, aesthetically, or repeat previous ones. Each year questions some 500 titles, rejects about 100. She started work 10 years ago as a secretary.



PROFESSOR F. J. SCHONELL
... noted educationist

AUTHORITY on special methods for education of backward children, Professor F. J. Schonell, formerly of Perth, is touring Australia lecturing under auspices of New Education Fellowship. It is his first visit since leaving 20 years ago when he won Hackett Research Scholarship. He is Professor of Education at Birmingham University, is married to a psychiatrist who is travelling with him and will lecture in spastic centres.



COUNCILLOR NELLIE IBBOTT
... hospital board chairman

UNANIMOUSLY elected chairman of board of management of Fairfield Hospital, Councillor Nellie Ibbott becomes first woman chairman of a metropolitan general hospital board in Victoria. Was Mayor of Heidelberg 1943 to 1944, has been a member of Heidelberg City Council for 20 years. Councillor Ibbott combines gardening as a hobby with council and philanthropic work.



● Masses of carnations make a brilliant effect at the world's most famous flower exhibition, London's Chelsea Flower Show.

*T*HE Red Cross Flower Festival, Australia's biggest annual display of flowers, is being held this week at the Domain in Sydney. Formerly called the Chelsea Flower Show, this display took as its model the Chelsea Flower Show in London, pictures of which are shown here.

A special feature of the Red Cross Flower Festival is the big collection of wild-flowers gathered in all parts of Australia, and flown to Sydney, where they are kept fresh in ice.

Many of these flowers are hard to find and parties of children make week-end excursions for them.

Another important section of the festival is of flowers from Suva, Honolulu, and U.S.

● The begonias on our cover were photographed at the conservatory in Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne, which is famous for its floral displays.



● Maiden Blush was a prize-winning orchid at the Chelsea Flower Show, London, this year. After taking seven years to come to maturity, this orchid sold for 60 guineas.

FLOWER FESTIVAL



● Spring flowers are combined in a bank of brilliant color at the Chelsea Flower Show in London, which was attended by the King and Queen and visitors from all over the world.



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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C

POWDERS & TABLETS

JEAN said, with an eager little smile, "In that flat we can have things on ice. Oh, Dick!"

"You won't get your cold cream mixed up with the butter," he said, going back to an old joke that had been funny at first but had not been so for a long time—but which now, he believed, might be funny again.

"We'll have your mother and stepfather in for dinner in the new place," she said, looking up at him and laughing. Now she had forgiven—she had forgotten—how it had been when they were at his mother's.

Dick laughed, too. Now that it was definitely over, now that they were going to have a place to invite his mother and her Fred, he too could barely remember the unpleasantness at his mother's.

"We'd give you our bedroom," his mother said when, at the end of a five-day stay, he and Jean had had to leave the hotel.

Fred sat silently in his particular chair. Dick could still see his own father in that chair, though it had been in storage all the years of his mother's widowhood and was now officially this Fred's.

"Not your room," Dick answered. "If we can just have this sofa for a few days—it can't be longer."

But it had been—much longer. And after their weeks of fruitless tramping all they had been able to find was the furnished room.

At first the furnished room seemed too good to be true, but before long it was all too painfully crowded, particularly the small, solitary wardrobe into which all their clothes had to be crammed.

It was the wardrobe, actually, that led to their first bitter words. It all began one morning with Dick

Furnished Room

Continued from page 7

sniffing the coat he'd just taken out and put on. "Look, Jean, you put perfume in that wardrobe with your things, don't you?"

"I have a sachet on the hangers, naturally." Her voice was cold. "Well, they smell up my stuff too. I can't go around smelling like a girl!"

She went over to the wardrobe without a word, grabbed armfuls of her clothes, and threw them angrily on the bed.

"There, you can have the whole wardrobe for yourself," she flung at him.

They stood looking at each other, miserable and frightened.

Afterwards, of course, she put everything back—and the wardrobe was not mentioned again. But it

BUTCH



"We'll accept three hundred, but Butch wants ten bob extra—he had to wash and dry the whole lot."

became the most important spot in the room because they were afraid to say anything about it.

There were two generous wardrobes in the bedroom of the Gould flat.

"Look, Dicky," Jean cried as Paula Gould obligingly opened doors. Jean and Dick looked at each other and suddenly they were laughing.

"All settled, is it?" Gould asked. "The old girl took my month's rent in advance. She said 'all right'."

"Well, fine then!" Gould poured drinks.

Jean was practically all packed by Wednesday night. Her trunk, which always stood in the corner, was crammed full of clothes.

"I'm so sick of seeing that trunk," Jean wailed. "I never want to see it again! Of course, it was never worth while to send it down to the basement when this was so temporary."

When Dick telephoned after seeing Mrs. Tylner he did not have time to say the woman had been honest and returned his deposit.

"She said she had to let the place to a friend of her daughter's who had no place at all. That was why she was holding us off, naturally. It was the only thing she could do." In a moment he asked, "Darling, did you hear me? Are you still there?"

"Yes." That was all. Then he heard the receiver hung up.

He did not go over to Gould's department at the plant and tell him. What would it matter to Gould? He had a place to take his wife! Dick looked at the men he worked with and for the first time wondered how they lived, and all the afternoon he dreamed going back to the furnished room. He had an awful premonition that he would find it empty.

When he opened the door at last and stepped inside he closed it gently and leaned against it—a thin, tired young man with deep lines on his face and hollows under his eyes. His hand shook as he raised it to rub his forehead, suddenly unable to believe his eyes.

"The trunk," he said, "your trunk, Jean. It's gone!"

"It's down in the basement, where it should have been weeks ago," she told him. "Look, Dick, look around." There was the same excitement in her voice there had been the other night at the Goulds.

He looked. "What's happened?" "A few yards of cretonne." There were new curtains at the single window and a bedspread to match. On the wall running alongside the bed there was a curtain covering something.

"That's my wardrobe," Jean said. "I screwed a lot of books in."

"Darling!" he said. "Oh, darling! I thought you'd go away and leave me!"

She went to stand beside him. "I was going to, Dicky. It wasn't that I didn't love you. It was because I was afraid we'd both stop loving each other if we had to stay here. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I understand."

"I went to a newswheel," she said, "to think. And I saw—I saw people who had nothing, walking down a road. I saw others poking in the debris of what had been their household goods. There was a close-up of a man and a woman and they had their arms around each other. Dick, you could see how happy they were just to have each other. It didn't matter that they had nothing else."

She put her hand up and touched his cheek softly. "I knew that was the way it was with us, really."

He kissed the hand and held it. "Some day," Jean said, "we'll look back on this small, inconvenient furnished room and laugh. It'll seem funny—if we make it so. That's always the way when you remember—the funny, happy things stand out, and you forget the rest. We'll have a permanent home some day, darling."

"We're permanent," he said, "that's the thing. No one can change us."

(Copyright)

Please turn to page 22

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The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 9

SUNNY said in her blurred voice: "I was just wondering where we're going to put Lionel Honeyman."

Edgar's black eyes came round to hers sharply. "What? What do you mean? I didn't know he was going to stay."

"He brought a bag, I notice." She sat down on the broad arm of a chair and fanned herself with a palm-leaf fan she carried.

Edgar said: "Did he? Brought a bag?"

"Yes. That looks as if he meant to stay the night, doesn't it? It's a horrible situation."

Edgar blew out smoke in a cloud. "I don't know then. You'd better ask his wife."

"Oh, Polly—"

"It's up to her. She can take him in or tell him to go, whichever she wants."

Sunny said, just a bit sourly: "I don't expect it's a question of what she wants. The line of least resistance for her, I'd say."

With a shrug, Edgar turned to the desk and made a few meaningless movements, shoving things about. There weren't only books and papers there, but a clutter of tins of concentrated fertilisers and pest destroyers and such like that should have stayed in Todd's potting shed across the garden.

Edgar was a big, heavy man, with dark hair, rather sleek, like a water animal's, a burnt-brown skin, and he was wearing shorts and a colored sweat shirt.

He uncorked the whisky bottle and spoke over his shoulder: "Have a drink?"

"Not for me, thanks."

He poured himself a whisky and drank it standing at the desk. He said, coming back and taking up the topic where they'd left off: "You can sit him in somewhere, I expect, if he's going to stay."

"Oh, of course. The house is only half full. But it isn't fair to Polly, his coming here. Or to any of us, for that matter. It's really a shocking affair." She got up and went to the door.

"Oh, well, I'll wait and see. There's plenty of time, I suppose." She went out and left Edgar standing looking after her dumbly.

He didn't stand there long. He went out and closed the door behind him.

Jim Todd, the gardener, was vigor-

ously hoeing a bed of seedlings when Edgar appeared. He hadn't been working half so vigorously a minute ago. He'd been hoeing a bit and sitting down a bit, wasting time voluptuously between the sun and the shade.

Edgar came down the path towards him. He said, stopping a minute: "I saw another rat last night, slipping out of the pond."

Todd leant on his hoe. "My word, they're a pest."

"Did you put down that bait I told you to?"

"I didn't because they don't seem to fancy it. The last bit I put down they never even touched it."

"I know that, but there's some new stuff I brought home yesterday. The man at the shop says it's a dead shot."

"Did he? What about me trying the trap again?"

"No. Go in and get this tin of stuff off my desk. I told you I won't have a trap, and have them caught in it half the night alive."

"O.K., Mr. Rutherford, I'll give it a go."

Edgar went on down the path.

Todd looked after him. "Kind enough to the rats!" he muttered and took out the makings and started to roll a cigarette.

Edgar walked across the garden that was divided into three terraces with stone parapets. Shell Bay, the sheltered water suburb, which came of the early families had chosen for their homes, wasn't so fashionable now, but it had the advantage of quiet, of big gardens not overlooked by rectangles of concrete.

On the last terrace before the garden plunged down to the beach, a vast Moreton Bay fig tree made a splotch of twilight, its trunk low down, its jutting roots heaving out of the earth.

Edgar paused under it for a moment and looked down.

He'd asked these people here, they were his friends presumably, but his narrow black eyes didn't look any too friendly as they rested on the group on the beach.

He ought to go down and tell Honeyman to clear out . . . But would it really clinch the matter if he did? He hesitated . . . decided against it.

And several people died in consequence.

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Straight from AMERICA



● Claire McCordell designed the cocktail dress, at left, with an easy-to-wear midriff band, shaped up in front, down at the back. The deeply slashed neckline is held in place with bodice draping. Sleeves have deep armholes and are just below elbow-length.

● The figure-moulding style, above, comes from Nettie Rosenstein's. It is made with the sleeves cut in one with the shoulders, and the lower part of the skirt is accordion-pleated.

★ Four styles from a recent collection by New York designers show that even when straighter lines are used the emphasis is still on small waists.

● Sloping shoulders with drop-seamed sleeves are shown in Clare Potter's suit of red-and-navy plaid. Box-pleated peplum is stiffened, and the neckline is banded to stand out at throat.

● Smooth hipline is featured in Trigue's short dinner frock at left, flaring out to a full skirt. Over a fitted bodice material folds into a deep fichu neckline.

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Pt. 46C. WWFP

Film stars' dress whims wrecked his nerves



HOLLYWOOD DESIGNER Orry Kelly, with some of the fashion designs he sketched during the plane trip to Australia.

Orry Kelly makes men's ties to cure his "Hollywood ulcer"

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

After almost 20 years in Hollywood designing the wardrobes of leading film stars, Australian-born dress designer Orry Kelly has gone into the tie business as a sideline "to calm his nerves."

"Designing clothes for screen actresses sounds all very nice, but you hear nothing but 'Take it in here. Let it out there' until you end up jumping in your sleep," he says. "A tie's in one piece, and no one wants to alter it."

TALL, broad-shouldered, greying Kelly, who came to Australia on a short visit to his mother, Mrs. J. J. Hart, of Parramatta, worked with Warner Bros. for many years, and is now under contract to Universal-International for six pictures a year.

He has just finished doing the costumes worn by Claudette Colbert in "Family Honeymoon," and is work-

ing on James Mason's first American film, starring Hollywood's latest discovery, Barbara Bel Geddes.

His tie business, known as "Orry Kelly Originals," has a special series of designs based on Australian orchids and wildflowers.

Though this was his eighth visit to Australia over the last 20 years, you could not mistake Kelly for anything but an inhabitant of Hollywood.

When I interviewed him in the



OLD FRIENDS. Gladys Moncrieff and Orry Kelly dined together during the designer's brief visit to Sydney. He is wearing one of the vertical-patterned ties he designed specially for short men.

lounge of his hotel he wore a pale-grey suit, white shirt, and a grey-and-white tie of his own design, featuring bird orchids.

He ordered a glass of milk. "I've got a Hollywood ulcer," he explained. "Everyone gets them there, I can't even smoke cigarettes that taste like cigarettes any more."

"Sometimes I think I should have stuck to painting. If it weren't for actresses with an exaggerated idea of themselves and what suits them, I wouldn't have my bad stomach."

Orry (christened, he explains deprecatingly, "Horace") Kelly was born at Kiama, N.S.W., and started off determined to be a portrait painter. For some years he had his own studio in Sydney until he realised "you've gotta die before you get any money as a painter."

He went to New York in 1928 to design scenery and stage work, tried his hand at costumes, and was promoted to the costume-designing section of a small New York theatre.

A director of Warner Bros. became interested in his designs, and offered him a job if he could produce sketches that pleased film stars Kay Francis and Ruth Chatterton.

The sketches were accepted, he got the job. The commencing salary was 150 dollars a week.

This year he earned one of the largest salaries in Hollywood, averaging 3000 dollars (£1000) a week from studio and freelance work.

"I enjoy designing for Merle Oberon, because she puts herself completely in my hands, but some of the stars have such an ego that they think they know everything about designing themselves," he said.

"They mean well, but they feel their every defect must be hidden, and good design goes out the window."

"A lot of American women try to wear too much at the one time, and they remind me of the amateur chef," he says. "The ingredients are good, but the result is like a bad stew."

His pet hates in women's clothes are fuzzy shoes with tailored suits, gold sandals in the daytime, and "ya-ga effect" of blondes who team baby-pink and baby-blue shades.

Kelly likes modern styles, but prefers designing for period films because there are fewer clashes with stars over the type of clothes they think they should wear.

The designer is not married, and lives in the old section of Hollywood in a two-story Colonial-type house he bought 12 years ago. He has called it "Tara," after the beautiful house in "Gone With the Wind."

"Some people think Hollywood is a place where there are nothing but wild parties and late nights, but that's not quite right," he says. "The film star who is intelligent and wants to stay before the cameras has to live a more regulated life than the average working girl."

"Nothing shows up increases in weight or facial lines more cruelly

than the camera, and top-ranking film stars keep that in mind."

"Some of them get bloated and fat, then try to get their weight down in a week or ten days by taking quick preparations to make them lose their appetites," he said. "Then they get nervy and neurotic and develop bad stomachs."

"All the stars in Hollywood have to keep an eye on diet, but most do it by cutting out starches and eating sensibly."

Kelly admits that he hates movies himself, and only sees them when absolutely necessary.

"I get my relaxation by going to the prize fights twice a week, and playing gin rummy," he says.

His days in Hollywood are busy. He still does portrait work, often paints for 17 hours a day between pictures.

Too many colors

HE is also interested in men's fashions as a change from "the frill department."

"Most of the ties worn by American men have too many colors in them, and don't blend in with their suits," he says.

"I figured there were three main colors worn by men—navy, brown, and grey—and designed my ties to go with these. Of course, if men want to wear green or any other color, that's their own affair, but my name's Kelly and I don't wear green suits."

Many of Kelly's ties have the knot plain, with the design starting lower down.

He has a series of ties designed for the short man, with a vertical strip of pattern down the centre to give an illusion of height.

"When the tie business expands sufficiently, I hope to be able to give away designing clothes for women altogether," he said.

"I've had a feeling lately that time's going fast, and I want to cram more and more into my life. We have a song about it."

He hummed a few bars:

"It's a long, long while
From May to December
And the days grow short
When you reach September."

"I think it's called 'The September Song'. Anyway, that's the way I feel about it. It's the finish that's important."

We sat thoughtful for a moment, then Mr. Kelly rallied. "Walter, another glass of milk, please," he said.

Famous as London producer

By PAT WEETMAN, staff reporter

When Noel Coward's latest comedy, "Present Laughter," had its premiere in Melbourne recently, honors for the streamlined production were with London theatrical personality Daphne Rye.

SHE came to Melbourne for a few weeks as Noel Coward's personal representative, to launch the play before flying on to America "to look at some New York first nights."

Daphne Rye has won fame as a London producer for such celebrities as the Oliviers, John Gielgud, Noel Coward, and Esmyn Williams.

She has an exhilarating personality and tremendous vitality. Lunching with her between rehearsals was exhilarating, too.

"When CAN I find time to get my hair set?" she demanded as she sat down at the table. "I'm rehearsing from nine to five-thirty, and there isn't even lunch-time free!"

The waiter came. "Oysters, large. And a big steak, underdone."

"I've had steak every meal since I got here," she said. "It's wonderful to eat a week's ration at one meal."

"And bananas—I adore them, have them every time I see them."

"Bananas are awful prices at home, when you can get them. But I try to take some down every month when I go to see my boys at their preparatory schools—Michael and Robin, they are."

In her own home in Chelsea, in between her big jobs as a producer, and also as casting director for H. M. Tennant, Ltd., famous London theatrical company, Miss Rye entertains guests at dinner at least twice a week.

"I adore cooking, and I'm a very good cook, too," she boasted.

"I'm lucky, my ex-husband in America sends me lots and lots of food parcels, and they help tremendously."

"Yes, he's a theatrical, too—Roland Culver, who appeared in the film 'French Without Tears.'"

Miss Rye talked of some of the plays she has produced.

"Skin Of Our Teeth" was wonderful, because it's such a different play, and the Oliviers are so marvellous to work with," she said.

"But I think the Negro problem play, 'Deep Are The Roots,' which was a great success in London, was the most interesting I've handled. There were three Negroes in the cast, the rest were British."

With a sudden change in the conversation she turned to the third member of the luncheon party, Trixie Johnstone, of the Princess Theatre.

"Trixie, darling, those shoes! Did you get them? We simply must have them by to-morrow."

"What, no heels higher than two and a half inches to be bad? My dear, they MUST be more than that."



"SOFT, SOFT"—says Daphne Rye, during a rehearsal of Noel Coward's "Present Laughter."

Do see what you can do about it, there's an angel."

To Peter Grey, British star of "Present Laughter," lunching at a nearby table: "Peter, find me somebody to go with to the Kiwi. And I MUST get to see Valentino in 'Son of the Sheik'; too. Fancy seeing Valentino again!"

Daphne Rye admits she became a producer because she felt she would never get far as an actress. Her talents lay in selecting other people for the stage, and showing them what to do.

Actually her stage career started at the age of 12, when she appeared as a cuckoo in a fairy play! But she's gone a very long way since.

SMALL RISE IN PENSIONS

MR. CHIFLEY'S Budget figures provide a gratifying picture of full employment and present financial stability.

Opinions differ as to whether or not enough tax relief has been allowed, and on the wisdom of the enormous Commonwealth financial commitments.

But the general background is one of prosperity. The money is there.

With that in mind, it is not easy to be comfortable or smug about the pension rise of 5/- a week.

Mr. Chifley points out that a man and wife may now have an income each of 30/- weekly and still receive old-age pensions, bringing their combined income to £7/5/- a week.

But the sad truth is that many old people do not have such an income, nor the strength to earn it.

Also, many are not old couples pooling resources but widows or widowers left alone.

Invalid pensioners are worse off with their need of special care.

The cost of living has risen so steeply that nobody can believe that any pensioner can satisfy even the simple needs of old age on £2/2/6 a week.

They could share in the regular cost-of-living increases and the Government should support all schemes designed to provide them with cheap living quarters.

Only those who have prosperous relatives to help them can now live in anything but poverty.

To ease the plight of the rest, a little more please—and soon, Mr. Chifley.



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

WORTH Reporting

AUSTRALIAN - GROWN Cymbidium orchids, noted for their long-lasting qualities, are now being worn as floral hats by fashionable New Yorkers in place of the once-popular local Cattleyas, we learnt from Sydney orchid grower and exporter Mr. R. F. Leaney, of Dee Why.

Mr. Leaney, who has been growing orchids as a hobby for 20 years, claims he was the first grower to realise the possibilities of interstate air shipments of blooms, and has been exporting Cymbidiums to America for more than two years.

"Given the right treatment, Cymbidium orchids are as tough as nails, and will last two or three months," he told us. "Because of this quality it's cheaper to decorate houses with orchids than with Iceland poppies," he claims.

Mr. Leaney sends his consignments to America packed in wood wool, with each single spike packed in crinkled tissue paper to prevent bruising. Spikes may carry up to 40 blooms.

"Cymbidiums do not grow well in America, and New Yorkers will pay up to a dollar for a single Australian bloom," Mr. Leaney said.

"After subtracting costs, an exporter makes little more than top Australian prices for Cymbidiums, but exporting of high-grade blooms helps relieve a glut on the local market."

"New Yorkers find they keep their freshness in hats long after a showy, 10-dollar Cattleya is wilting and drooping over its wearer's face."

Mr. Leaney gave us a few tips about making orchid blooms last as long as possible. The flower should be kept dry, supported by a disc of paper, and the stem immersed in a vase of clean water. Aspirin in the water, cold tea, and burning of stems are all quite useless as ways of keeping it fresh.

"And don't put orchids in the refrigerator," he adds. "They are tropical flowers, not meat, and require constant temperature. The change of temperature only hastens their decay."

A MANICURIST in a city beauty salon tells us that she has worked out a plan of campaign to silence bores who inflict upon her their personal views on controversial subjects.

When they are well launched, she remarks that she is a supporter of whatever belief they are attacking.

The more sensitive flounder, the harder ones relapse into silence.

"They can't leave, because I'm always painting their nails by then," she said.

Waiting for the crucial moment to launch the counter-attack helps her to keep her temper, she says.

Tempted to lick fingers

WHEN Australian A. J. Marshall, Beit Medical Research Fellow at the University of Oxford, went to Germany to consult a German scientist on his own subject—the nervous system of the body—he found the German zoologist with a curious looking kind of "oil" under his oil immersion lens.

Marshall asked him if it was a special kind of German lens oil. "No," said the scientist, "it is not you call 'golden syrup'!"

In sugar-starved Germany it must have required all the scientist's will-power not to lick his fingers after handling the sticky syrup.

Lens oil was unobtainable. Lunch for workers at the institute in question was boiled new potatoes.



"Mr. Lawrence Mannerling appeared by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Miss Ann Wilford by permission of Warner Brothers, Mr. Jerome Taylor by permission of RKO—and Miss Helen Myer, who didn't need anyone's permission."

Opera sets

ALTHOUGH much new scenery was brought from Italy for J. C. Williamson's Grand Opera season, now running in Melbourne, many sets have come out of "The Firm's" store at Richmond, where they have lain for as long as 20 years.

Mr. Charles Dearden, Williamson's publicity officer, told us that The Firm's head mechanic, Charlie White, is snowed under with work, getting out from store the sets for most of the 20 operas to be presented.

"He's been with The Firm for almost 50 years," said Mr. Dearden, "and he's the man who knows where everything is, and can lay his hand on just what's needed at a moment's notice."

That can be quite a tall order, for scenery and props stored there cover all sorts of shows and date back a long time.

"When a show is a success and likely to be revived," said Mr. Dearden, "the entire sets and sometimes even the props are kept intact. Sets of less successful shows are used over and over, the canvases repainted and adapted for other productions."

"This was an essential measure during the war, when we couldn't get canvas, and the Baltic wood, which is best for stage work, was in short supply."

The new scenery which came from Italy is in canvas form, and has to be attached to "flats" built at His Majesty's under Mr. White's direction.

Home on wheels

WE had a visit this week from Mrs. C. S. Walker, of Adelaide, who, with her husband, a retired tobaccoist, has developed a design for living which enables her to see the whole of Australia with a maximum of comfort.

The Walkers have designed their own caravan, a 16ft. home on wheels, which includes such luxuries as hot and cold water, complete bathroom unit, convertible beds, a pressure cooker, and an elegant cocktail bar which swings out from the wall. It cost about £600 to build.

The plan took Mrs. Walker a year to complete, and then, in her own words, it "almost drove the builder mad," but it has proved such a success that neither she nor her husband intends ever to live in a house again.

They call the caravan "The Wanderer," and it has already covered more than 2000 miles, drawn by a utility truck. They hope to spend the next three years covering the northern and western areas of Australia.

So far they have travelled from Adelaide to Sydney, and hope to go north of Brisbane and across to Western Australia.

At first the Walkers' grown-up family laughed when told of the scheme to travel right round Australia, but they are now enthusiastic about the idea.

Silent shooting

THERE'S a lot of shooting in the course of "Annie Get Your Gun," now settled into the Theatre Royal, Sydney, after playing in other capital cities for more than a year.

Shooting motions and sound effects don't always synchronise. On one opening night, Evie Hayes, as Annie, took aim to bring down a sea gull, dead at her feet. The seagull fell, but there was no report.

Evie supplied the missing sound effect by saying loudly, "Bang!"

In America, the company says, the same thing happened to Ethel Merman. She got over the difficulty by saying, "Well, what do you know? Heart failure!"

American members of the company love big-hearted veteran trouper Marie La Varre. "She's our universal provider," Carl Randall told us. "If anyone wants something, Marie's got it. It's just a matter of digging down deep enough in that bag of hers. Marie's got the biggest heart in show business—here or in the States."

Rare books

BEGINNING as a boy selling newspapers from a bookstall to early morning train travellers at Petersham, Sydney, Mr. George Tyrrell and his second-hand bookshop in George Street are known to antiquarians and collectors in all parts of the world.

Mr. Tyrrell has been selling books for 60 years, deals in rare stamps, curios, and coins as a sideline.

"I got my first real job at 14, as an assistant to a secondhand bookseller with premises in Market Street," he said. "The morning the job was advertised, about 100 boys were there before me standing in line to be interviewed."

"I went round the back way and got the job."

No book is so rare and valuable that it doesn't find a ready buyer, we learned.

"Whenever something unusual turns up," Mr. Tyrrell told us, "I have the address of a man in the Northern Territory or New York, who is waiting for precisely that book."

Under lock and key in his office at the moment are a Captain Cook letter, a cheque made out by Charles Dickens in 1868 for an amount of £45, and a letter written by the explorer Leichhardt advising the importation of camels into this country.

After holidays, Mr. Tyrrell is always happy to get back to the George Street shop and its special smell of old books.

"So was one American officer during the war," he told us. "This officer walked in, took one sniff, and spent the rest of his leave in the shop. He was a collector back home, and hadn't smelled a lot of old books together since he left on active service."

GLAMOR of the screen. The Australian Wool Board's news service announces that the Board's film unit will soon show three new instructional films. The films are entitled "The Blowfly Menace," "Ram Sales," and "The Large Stomach Worm."

Taxi nurse

A NURSE to travel with maternity and other hospital patients is an innovation introduced by the Emergency Taxi Service run by Mr. Norman Evans, of Adelaide.

Three nurses are on call. As well as caring for maternity cases while in the cab, they accompany people who have had dental or other minor operations, or patients travelling from one hospital to another for X-ray or radium treatment.

A woman driver, Miss Harvey Smith, has been engaged for the service. Her jobs also include taking girls to and from dances.

Mr. Evans says there is no extra charge for the nurses.

As well he runs an ordinary taxi service, but if his emergency fares prefer it they can order navy-blue cars, which are less striking than his cream-and-red taxi fleet.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

THE news that a firm of London solicitors is looking for a talking parrot which they believe may throw light on a disputed will case confirms an uneasy feeling I have always had about talking parrots.

I have never been able to regard parrots as mere mimics. Some friends of mine have one which is apt to interrupt the conversation with "You're a blatherkite" or "What rot!" and very unerring it is. I cannot believe, when I glare at the bird's bright, malicious eyes, that it is unaware of the meaning of these interjections.

The old lady who owned the London parrot left £3,000,000. A will made in 1909 was found, but lawyers believe a later one is missing, and that the parrot may know something about its disappearance.

You can be sure that the claimants, if the parrot's utterances went against them, would find barristers in plenty to dispute the word of a bird.

Nevertheless, I think a jury might be impressed, and I fear that if anyone has destroyed a will, he or she has taken the wise precaution of destroying the parrot, too.

A REPORT of the mock air battle held over England recently stated that the result of the operation would not be known until films of it had been studied. "But," continued the correspondent, "both attackers and defenders think they are winning."

This optimism is common enough in real wars. But in mock wars the decision can be made in the end. In real wars it becomes increasingly difficult to decide whether the victors are indeed the victors—or, indeed, to tell whether the war is over at all.

WIVES of some members of a Territorial unit in Essex, England, recently accompanied their husbands to camp. The wives cooked for the men, and the regiment's adjutant said he believed the plan should boost recruiting.

Time will tell, but I think the adjutant is wrong.

WHEN I first worked on a daily newspaper it was usually my task at the beginning of each summer season to telephone notable citizens and ask them what they thought of the new bathing-suits.

The answers, which ranged from outbursts of moral indignation to broadminded, soothing pieces about healthy youth, usually found a corner in the more lavish newsprint of those prewar days.

Now the coverage of the bathing-suit has stabilised, a suit no longer calls forth comment of any kind, unless its wearer be worthy of comment.

I've been thinking about this, wondering if it betokens any crystallisation of a 20th-century outlook on morals and dress. But I don't think so.

What is more likely is that manufacturers realised that any further move towards nudity might prove unprofitable, and tacitly agreed to halt the upward and downward movement.

FORMER American war correspondent Leland Stowe has written an article for an American women's magazine, advising women not to worry continually about war. "Cultivate the long view," he writes. Don't think of the crises.

Or fret about prices.

In a million years from now We shall all be dead.

So just look ahead, Does it cheer you up—and how!

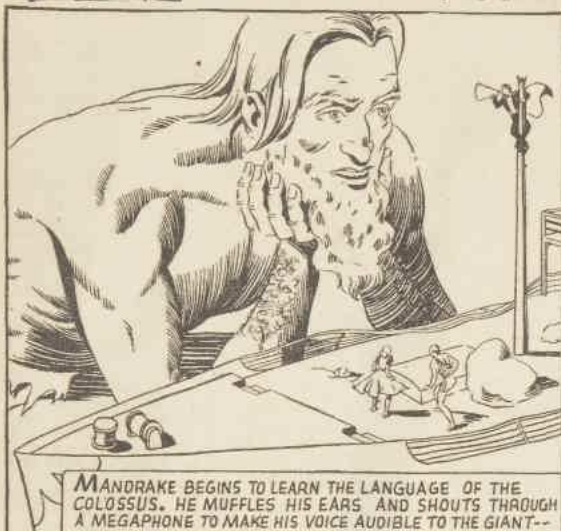


Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Land of Giants, where their yacht is seen by **THE COLOSSUS:** Unbelievably huge giant of

the island. He is taking the yacht home as a present for his child when two other Colossi attack and overcome him. They try to burn the *Argos*, but Mandrake and Lothar escape and free the friendly Colossus. In a mighty battle he overcomes his enemies. Mandrake then plans to get the Colossus to help them leave the island. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE BEGINS TO LEARN THE LANGUAGE OF THE COLOSSUS. HE MUFFLES HIS EARS AND SHOUTS THROUGH A MEGAPHONE TO MAKE HIS VOICE AUDIBLE TO THE GIANT--



SOON, MANDRAKE MASTERS THE SIMPLE LANGUAGE. FROM THE MYTHS, HE PIECES TOGETHER THE TALE OF THE ANCIENT RACE OF GIANTS...



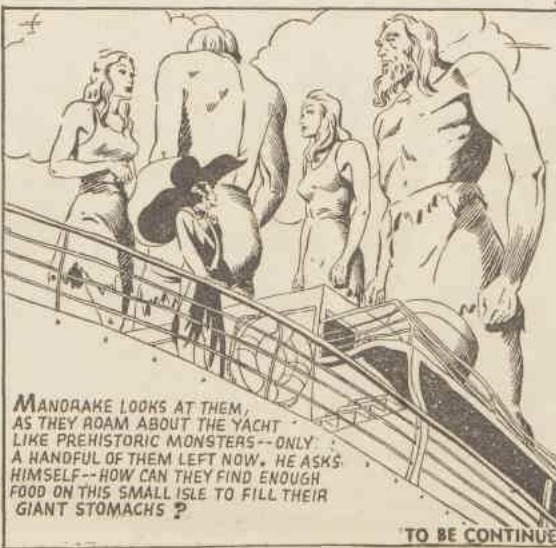
--HOW THE LAND SANK BENEATH THE SEA, AND ONLY A FEW OF THE HARDEST REACHED DRY LAND--MANDRAKE REALIZES WHY NO BONES OF THIS RACE WERE EVER FOUND--FOR THEY LIE BURIED BENEATH THE SEA--ON THE LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS!



THE GIANT'S GREAT VOICE BOOMS LIKE THUNDER. ITS TREMENDOUS VOLUME SHAKES THE YACHT LIKE A MIGHTY WIND--



HOW CENTURIES OF DROUGHT KILLED OFF THE GIANT ANIMALS AND MEN OF THAT DIM ERA IN THE EARTH'S HISTORY...



MANDRAKE LOOKS AT THEM, AS THEY ROAM ABOUT THE YACHT LIKE PREHISTORIC MONSTERS--ONLY A HANDFUL OF THEM LEFT NOW. HE ASKS HIMSELF--HOW CAN THEY FIND ENOUGH FOOD ON THIS SMALL ISLE TO FILL THEIR GIANT STOMACHS?

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★ ★ So Evil My Love

SOME of the screen's most competent actresses make only rare appearances, sometimes by their own choice, and sometimes presumably because producers overlook them.

Jean Arthur and Geraldine Fitzgerald, for instance, have left their fans lamenting for some time.

It is good news that Jean Arthur will be seen soon in Paramount's comedy, "A Foreign Affair," while Geraldine Fitzgerald now is appearing in Paramount's period drama, "So Evil My Love," at the Prince Edward.

If it were not for Miss Fitzgerald's scenes, and for some of English actress Ann Todd's work, the film would be doughy.

Producer Hal Wallis took Ray Milland, Ann Todd, and Geraldine Fitzgerald to England to make the picture, and he has given it good authentic backgrounds, and fine character work by English players in support of the three stars.

The plot shows us a young, highly respectable, and beautiful widow (Ann Todd) of Edwardian days, who becomes so demoralised by her infatuation for an unscrupulous adventurer (Milland) that she commits theft and two murders.

All these highly melodramatic goings-on take place mostly in the home of a sadistic lawyer (Raymond Huntley) and his ill-treated neurotic wife (Geraldine Fitzgerald).

In Ann Todd's last two films she has displayed an almost forbidding sternness of expression, which detracts considerably from her charm, but when she relaxes into displaying some emotion she is a lovely woman and a fine actress.

By contrast, Ray Milland seems to have developed a continual secretive smile—which very nearly amounts to a smirk, and is quite out of place in a heavy drama.

The vitality and sincerity displayed by Geraldine Fitzgerald draw closest attention to her portrayal of a weak, warm-hearted, but frightened woman.

★ ★ Another Part of the Forest

AERICAN authoress Lillian Hellman introduced us to the unpleasant Hubbard family a couple of years ago with "The Little Foxes."

Now she goes back to their earlier history with her new story, "Another Part of the Forest," which has been filmed by Universal International.

The current film lacks the gripping intensity of the earlier release, because the players seem afraid to give their characterisations full strength.

It would be hard to forget the vicious, domineering Regina Hubbard as she was portrayed by Bette Davis in "The Little Foxes," but Ann Blyth makes a youthful Regina little more than a petulant, kittenish type.

Frederic March, as the paternal Hubbard parent who passes on to his three children all the evil qualities he possesses, wavers between some good acting and some too-obvious overplaying.

The two sons, Edmund O'Brien and Dan Duryea, make the same mistake. O'Brien is too bland, and Duryea too cringing.

Florence Eldridge, as the long-suffering Mrs. Hubbard who finally revolts against the ill-treatment meted out by her husband and offspring, keeps on a higher level.

On the whole, the film is another example that sequels are rarely as impressive as a good original.

It is showing at the Lyceum.

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Princess Margaret attends Juliana's coronation



AT LONDON AIRPORT, setting out on journey to Amsterdam, Princess Margaret wore a shrimp-pink coat and matching felt hat by Aage Thaarup. She travelled in one of the King's Flight Vikings.



ON BALCONY of the Royal Palace. Left to right: Queen Juliana, Princess Maryke, Princess Margriet, Prince Consort Bernhard, Princess Beatrix, new heiress to the throne, and Princess Irene



BALLERINA FROCK in spotted taffeta is worn by Princess Margaret on arrival at Amstel Hotel, where whole floor was reserved for her and her party. The Countess of Athlone is with her.



ENTHRONED in the Nieuwe Kerk, Amsterdam, which was decorated with palms, laurels, and 6000 pink begonias, Queen Juliana reads address to glittering assembly at her inauguration. She made her vow at same place and date as her mother did 50 years ago. Her consort sits beside her.



GUARD OF HONOR, mounted by students' military organisation Baron D'Aulnis de Beurruil, the commander, who won the D.S. "How she dresses! She is a wonderful princess. Seeing she is



RADIANT SMILE for Queen Juliana of the Netherlands from Princess Margaret as Royal party arrives at a pageant in Amsterdam. Group includes Prince George of Greece, Princess Marthe of Norway, Prince Jean of Luxembourg, Earl of Athlone, M. Ramadier, Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden, and Prince Bernhard, Juliana's consort

★ Princess Margaret represented her father, King George, at the coronation of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands at Amsterdam recently. It was her first big engagement alone outside England and she impressed everybody with her dignity and charm. Her wardrobe for the festivities included some fairy-tale dresses.



PRINCESS MARGARET wore a silver-pink moire dress with Dutch bonnet encircled with pink ostrich feathers to inauguration. With her is the Countess of Halifax.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Queen Juliana calls for cheers for mother, ex-Queen Wilhelmina, after announcement of her abdication. Juliana waves text of her speech to crowd in square.



ROYAL GUESTS. Front row: Countess of Athlone, Princess Marthe of Norway, Crown Princess Louise of Sweden, Princess Margaret, Princess Margaret of Denmark. Second row: Prince Aschwin (Bernhard's brother), Crown Prince Gustav of Sweden, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Grand Duke John of Luxembourg. Third row: Earl of Athlone, Crown Prince Axel of Denmark, Prince George of Greece, photographed before the ceremony.

ation, is inspected by Princess Margaret, D.S.O. with the Devon Yeomanry, said later, is only 18, one marvels at her charm."

O

WEN SHELTON and Johnny Barlow had zoned into the pool, diving with spectacular somersaults and swallows from the springboard. So on the beach Lionel Honeyman was entertaining a feminine audience of three.

Not that he appeared to be taking much notice of Fenella. He hadn't got around to her yet. Her turn would come later, maybe, for Lionel couldn't rest till he'd done his spell-binding act on every woman within cooee.

At it was, Fenella was sitting a bit apart, patting into shape quite a realistic little igloo with her strong brown hands. Her hands weren't small, and she was built all on the same scale of harmony and size, with muscular brown limbs and a superb body that looked its best in her white cotton swimsuit.

Her gold hair, wet now, looked honey-colored, but, dripping as it was, it was beginning to curl back from her broad flat brow and fresh ripe-apricot cheeks.

Vitality poured out of Fenella, was expended in a whole heap of ways—in swimming, in riding, in playing tennis expertly.

Even when she was doing nothing, sunbathing after a swim, she was up to something—as now, with her miniature igloo.

She was Edgar's cousin, their mothers had been sisters. One had married a rich man and the other a poor one. Fenella spent a lot of her time at Cliffside surrounded by Edgar's wealth, but it was still Edgar's, not hers.

It gnawed at Fenella all the time to be the needy one in a rich circle.

She was twenty-five already. That was the way she thought of her own age—"already"—and that

was why lately her gaiety and her energy had carried a hint of desperation for those who could see.

Then she had met Owen Shelton, and her problem seemed to be solved. He was as handsome as she was. When they danced together, people stopped to watch them.

The Sheltons were cattle people. Almost the thing she liked best about Owen was the way he could spend money, as though a pound meant no more than a penny.

Things had seemed to be going smoothly between them until about two months ago when Elise Preston had given that party to celebrate her engagement to Johnny.

And Polly Honeyman had been there.

Fenella's forward-driving personality was the very opposite of Polly Honeyman's. Polly was stretched out beside her, seemingly dead. She could do nothing for long stretches of time without word or movement.

Polly had dark hair that didn't reflect the light, and gray eyes that reflected more than their share of it, and a skin with a tinge of olive.

She wore a cotton shirt, and her narrow hip-bones were almost sharp under the red shorts. She had the look of being delicate and yet strong, relaxed, and yet kind of exciting . . . bitter-sweet . . .

To-day, though, she wasn't as indifferent as she looked. On account of Lionel.

Out of the corner of her eye she could see him sitting there not five feet away, there again as a sickening reality after months of separation when she'd thought she was free of him. It was monstrous, an outrage!

With their decree nisi to be made absolute next month, Lionel had

Continuing . . . The Cliffside Case

from page 13

walked in to-day during luncheon, as pleased as Punch, lavishing his charm over everyone, and raising the atmosphere, bringing into the calm a tinge of excitement.

Sitting there at luncheon, Polly could see that everyone was thinking how gay Lionel was, how likeable.

She wished she could get up and tell them what he was really like! That he wasn't gay at all, that alone with her he had been mean and domineering and selfish, even in the smallest things, like the best chair and the ripest peach.

To-day, of course, when they had been alone together after luncheon, he had been all contrite sweet regretfulness. Oh, that rich honeyed voice! "My dear, I still love you more than my own . . . can't we try again?" etc., ad nauseam. And for all she knew, he had a couple of private detectives hidden behind the tool shed to watch if he spent the night in her room, to upset the divorce.

LIONEL, at this very moment, was fussing over Elise Preston, a scalp that was really too easy. Elise was only nineteen, pretty, but even Elise herself hadn't realised yet how pretty, so Lionel was heavily engaged in making her realise it; making her feel like a little queen with unlimited power to excite and rule.

That was his technique, and wiser women than Elise had fallen for it. It was rarely a serious assault on his part. It was just sham to feed his colossal vanity. But oh, how nauseating it was for his wife to watch!

Sprawling gracefully on the white sand, he was holding Elise's hand, turning the coral bracelet on her round little wrist, murmuring sweet flatteries, reading the lines of her palm, predicting her future.

It was an old, old "ick," but clearly the old tricks were best. Polly dropped her lids wearily.

And Elise smirked and preened and her eyes sparkled with excitement. Poor child, poor silly child!

Johnny and Owen came up from the pool. Johnny squeezed the water out of his eyes and puffed and scattered sand as he reached for his towel. His fair skin was burnt lobster-color, and his eyes, rimmed by their gold lashes, showed up paler than usual.

He looked across at Elise—he knew what Lionel was up to—and said good-temperedly: "Don't mind me, Lionel. Luckily, I'm a doctor. If you send her temperature up, I can prescribe."

Lionel threw back his head and laughed disarmingly. "My dear boy, you flatter me! Alas, I've long ceased to be a menace to anyone."

Elise laughed too, and came back out of her dream to the Elise who was engaged to young Dr. Barlow and was going to marry him soon with a big settlement from her father.

They would live in a flat in some fashionable suburb and have lots of fun as Johnny got more and more successful with a specialist's practice that his father-in-law was going to buy him.

She said, turning on him her flat little kitten face: "Not jealous, darling? Here, let me," and took the towel and pulled his head down and rubbed his thick flaxen hair.

Owen moved round the group and sat down beside Polly. His hair and skin bore evidence of his thirty years of outback life, of suns that had lightened one and darkened the other. He was tall and loose-limbed and taut of muscle.

Polly seemed to wake up. She knew he had come here this weekend because she was coming. Not that a word to say so had passed between them yet, and probably wouldn't till her divorce was cut and dried next month.

There seemed to be a quiet reserve about him, so comfortably different from Lionel's nerve-fraying emotionalism.

She hadn't known him long; she hadn't been the cause of her sudden decision to start divorce proceedings last year.

But maybe now he was the cause

of the hardening of her intention not to let Lionel succeed with this possible last-minute trick. How prevent it, though—how?

Owen said dryly, unemotionally, at her elbow, in a tone that only she could hear: "I suppose—for all that you look so non-belligerent—you are meditating some practical step."

She asked in a tone as quiet as his own: "What kind of step?"

"Something active."

"You couldn't ask me anything harder."

"I know."

"I had a will once. But seven years with Lionel . . ."

"It'll be seven more if you're not careful. I'd like to muscle in and do a firm act with him, but—"

"Don't! Nothing would suit him better than to have something against me now."

"Exactly. Flight is your only remedy."

Her face clouded. It was the only sign she gave.

She said, almost in a whisper: "Flight where?"

"Anywhere. Just for to-night. To a hotel, to a friend. Don't tell anyone, just go. It's the necessary gesture for you to make. You'll have a dozen witnesses to say you did."

She looked at him gratefully. It was a new experience for her to be given plain, sensible advice, to be extricated from a pothole of hot emotions instead of being dragged into it.

Owen leant over and took cigarettes from his case at her side and lit them.

She relaxed again. A glow of pleasurable relief went through her. The situation wasn't lost as she'd thought an hour ago. Slowly, at the back of her mind, a plan began to shape itself.

It was at this moment that Edgar appeared. He walked across the sand and sat down in the shade of the vast tree which now had begun to spread right across them.

Elise got up. As though casually Lionel followed suit, and with Johnny tagging along lightly behind the three crossed the beach, sauntered over the flat rocks at the edge of the water and disappeared round the bend.

Elise's father, a business associate of Edgar, had asked him and Sunny to keep an eye on his precious only daughter while he and his wife were in America. So Edgar had asked Elise and her fiancé to stay for a long week-end. And Fenella, too.

Then Sunny suggested Polly and Owen, because she said five people entertained each other.

When the three had disappeared there was quite a silence among the four who were left. Then Fenella said: "Goodness! Elise has fallen for Lionel."

Polly said, unable to keep the bitterness out of her voice: "She can have him, and all the excitement that goes with him!"

Edgar took out a cigarette and lit it. He said: "Sunny's in a stew about where to put him."

"What?" Polly looked up quickly.

"Where to put him?"

"Yes, I don't suppose it's so much 'where' to put him as 'whether' to put him. I don't know if you'd like me to do the strong host or anything of that sort. Tell him to go."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't." She got up, smiling uncertainly into Edgar's black eyes. "No, I wouldn't like that at all."

For the maddening part of it was that the old pity for Lionel came surging back at the thought of him being turned out blunty.

Please turn to page 28

He never
enjoyed his tea

till he tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!

"Good?"

Why it was like tasting tea for the first time," he cried, savouring that rich Lipton flavour. Housewives all over the country are changing to "Brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

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Brisk flavour
NEVER FLAT!



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By D.H.C.



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Norman

VON NIDA

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*"It's HORLICKS for me.
Extra delicious, and
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food drink of all."*

How's this for a record? Four Queensland Open Championships . . . Three N.S.W. Close Championships . . . Two N.S.W. Professional Championships — and the 1946 Australian professional title! On top of that, Von has won the Philippines Open twice and in 1947 won the coveted Harry Vardon trophy (given each year to Britain's leading professional).



Our champion Australian golfer, Norman Von Nida, knows that a star athlete shines only when he is right at the top of his form.

That's why he has always studied his health carefully . . . keeping physically and mentally fit during and between the big tournaments. Von knows the great value of Horlicks. He enjoys that full satisfying flavour . . . and he has proved that Horlicks at night and during the day gives

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If you wake tired, feel run-down and "nervy", then you need Horlicks to guard against "Night Starvation". Horlicks rebuilds energy while you sleep — builds up new reserves within you. After Horlicks you wake refreshed — ready for the day. There is nothing "just as good" to guard against "Night Starvation". Always ask for Horlicks and keep it in your home.



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COUNTRY INTEREST. Ted Dowling and his bride, formerly Valda Lowlett, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill, after their marriage. Bride is daughter of the H. Lowletts, of North Bondi. Ted is son of Mr. Frank Dowling, of Coonamble, and late Mrs. Dowling.



CELEBRATION. Sydney stage and radio actress, Dorothea Dunstan, and her fiance, Lieut. John Reid, dine at Prince's to celebrate engagement. Dorothea is younger daughter of the R. F. Dunstons, of Hurstville. John, who recently returned from Japan, is son of the R. Reids, of Bundaberg, Queensland.



AT ROMANO'S. Pre-wedding luncheon given by Mrs. Jeff Minchin (left) for Sheila Hayes-Williams, who will marry Allan Ross, of Randwick, at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on September 22. Mrs. Fred Earle and Mrs. Hal Commings guests at luncheon.



AT PICKWICK CLUB. Mrs. Leslie Dunlop (left), Mrs. Gordon Russell, Mrs. Hector Clayton, and Mrs. Dundas Allan, members of Red Cross Flower Festival, which will be held in Sydney Domain from this Wednesday, September 23, to September 25.



LEGATION PARTY. Dr. Mario Santos, charge d'affaires of Brazilian Legation, prepares plate of specially cooked ham for Governor-General's daughter, Betty McKell, at party at Legation to celebrate 126th anniversary of Brazilian independence.

Intimate Gossipings

GREAT excitement for Dinah and Moana Fielding Jones when they receive cable from England from their mother, Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones, "asking permission" to announce engagement to Maynard Charles Jenour, of Crossways, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, Wales.

Girls cabled back that they were delighted with news and then receive air-letter from their mother telling them wedding is to be in middle of October and honeymoon is to be spent in Paris. Margaret, or Maggie as she is known to her Sydney friends, is the widow of W.O. Ellis Fielding Jones and only child of Mrs. Osborne, of Hughendon, Point Piper, and the late Stuart Osborne.

After their marriage and honeymoon, newlyweds will come to Sydney with Maggie's eldest daughter, Annette, who is overseas with her mother. They will return in time to spend Christmas with Mrs. Osborne and Dinah and Moana.

Next year they will return to make their home in Monmouthshire, Wales, taking Moana with them. Dinah, who is doing first-year med., may also go for a trip, depending on her exams.

COUNTRY interest in wedding of Jean Macdougall and Kenneth Mitchellhill, which takes place at the Munro Memorial Church. Jean is the only child of the Glover Macdougalls, of Glen Canon, Quirindi, and Ken is the elder son of the Brad Mitchellhills, of Inglewood, Muswellbrook.

Jean's cousin, Nancy Finlayson, of Queensborough, Coolah, and Marjorie MacLeod are bridesmaids. Ken's brother, John, and Collin Haydon, of Muswellbrook, attend bridegroom.

THRILL for "cellist" Lauri Kennedy and his pianist wife Dorothy when their son John and his wife, Scilla, arrive from England in Strathaird this Thursday. John, who is principal "cellist" with Sir Malcolm Sargent in the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, will be seeing his parents for the first time for eleven years. He and his wife, Scilla, who is a pianist and who will be meeting Lauri and Dorothy for the first time, will stay with them at their home at Harbord.

TWO weddings within three weeks in the C. S. Newman family, of West Ryde. Twin daughters Bettie and Norma choose same church, St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, with receptions at the Savarin, but dates are three weeks apart.

Bettie marries John McGregor, only son of Mrs. McGregor, of Burwood, and late Mr. McGregor, and Norma is her bridesmaid. On October 2 Norma will marry Roy Hunt, of Western Australia, at the same time, same place as her twin.

"They had thought of a double wedding, but we felt it would be nice if they each had their own," says Mrs. Newman.



CANBERRA PERSONALITIES. Mrs. Chifley, wife of Prime Minister; Mrs. Myron Cowen, wife of American Ambassador; Mrs. W. Riordan, wife of Minister for Navy; Madame Santos; and Mrs. Simpson, wife of Mr. Justice Simpson, at party given by Dr. Mario Santos and Madame Santos at Brazilian Legation.



GREETING GUEST. Bill Macfarlane and his bride, formerly Joy Kendall, of Murrumbidgee, greet wedding guest Beth Dumbrell at Pickwick Club reception after their marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Bill and Joy will live in Hongkong.



SPRING CARNIVAL DINNER DANCE. Mrs. Selby-Davidson (left), Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, Mrs. Don Service, members of entertainment group of Torch Bearers for Legacy, lunch at Prince's to discuss plans for dance which will be held on September 27.

BRIEFLY: Baby son for Roslyn and David Ritchie, of Warranary, Booligal. Roslyn, who was Roslyn Dangar before marriage last year, has decided on Anthony James for baby's name. . . . Joan Hardy, with her two children, Joanna and Alex, of Bundella Park, Bundella, are down and staying at the Australia.

Joan busy with fittings for Spring Meeting. . . . Honeymoon on coast of Queensland for Warren Dowries and his bride, formerly Nell Fingleton, of Ogilvie, Gurley, and Moree. Couple will settle in Moree when they return.

Honeymoon at Blackheath for Brian Seton and bride, formerly Ema Marshall. Couple plan to return to Sydney at end of month. . . . Lovely bouffant gown of lilac satin worn by Margaret Sangster when she celebrates coming of age at Prince's. Margaret's mother, Mrs. Sydney Sangster, brought frock back with her on recent trip to America.

GRADUATES and undergrads were in majority at coming-of-age party given by the R. V. Dearmans, of Killara, for their daughter, Gwen, who is final-year dentistry student at the Uni. Gwen's sister, Tricia, who is first-year med. student, has dance following week, and invites her young friends.

ALL SAINTS' Church, Woollahra, is chosen by Julia MacAlpine for her marriage on September 29 with Jack Gleeson. Julia will have two bridesmaids, Alison MacGregor, of Newcastle, and Doreen Moore. Squadron-Leader Laurie Bond and Gerry Hewson will attend Jack, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gleeson, of Warrig, formerly of Rockhampton, Queensland. Julia's parents, the E. W. MacAlpines, of Darling Point, will hold reception at their home following ceremony. Julia and Jack will fly to Perth after their marriage, and will make their future home there.

SALLY ANNE are names chosen by Lee and Mary Best for their baby daughter. Mrs. Best was Mary Fenwick, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fenwick, of Port Macquarie, formerly of Walcha, before her marriage last year.

JUST returned from their honeymoon at Bullaburra, Blue Mountains, John Lotts and his bride, formerly Isabelle Carey, make their home for the time being with John's parents, the Rev. H. J. Lotts and Mrs. Lotts, at The Rectory, Enmore. John is science master at Scots College.

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A FOREIGN AFFAIR



1 IN BERLIN, prim American politician Phoebe Frost (Jean Arthur) arrives to investigate morale of U.S. troops. She is welcomed by gay Captain John Pringle (John Lund) and his commanding officer, Colonel Plummer (Millard Mitchell).



2 SUSPICIOUS of glamorous German, Erika (Marlene Dietrich), Phoebe hears of her association with a U.S. officer.

RETURNING to the screen for the first time for several years, Jean Arthur has one of the starring roles in Paramount's satirical comedy produced by the famous team of Brackett and Wilder.

A sophisticated story of romance in occupied Berlin, it also gives Marlene Dietrich the best part she has had since before the war.

Handsome John Lund plays the American officer whose interest in a beautiful German woman fades when he meets the attractive but prim young American politician.



3 ATTRACTED to John, Phoebe loses interest in her mission and buys expensive frocks for nightclub visits.



4 AT NIGHTCLUB popular singer Erika sees John making love to Phoebe, who is unaware he is Erika's friend.



5 POLICE RAID causes arrest of Erika and Phoebe at nightclub. Erika helps Phoebe, but tells her about association with John, though she knows he is now really in love with Phoebe and is working on plan to find hidden Nazi spies.



6 SHOCK for Phoebe follows round-up of former Nazis known to Erika, but John explains his part in affair.

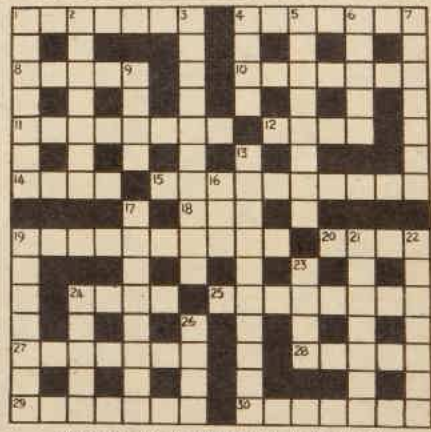
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 8

ACROSS

- This is all you can expect to find at a skating rink. Judge (7).
- Occupied a chair, and I fed to satisfy (7).
- Polish writer turns in it (5).
- Acid food found scattered in grave (7).
- The end of the line between school vacations. Takes in you and me, too (5).
- Make hot inflamed swelling be a lubricant (4).
- Suitable oath for a house-repairer (4).
- A poor feint (anagram) (10).
- Maturity in lager (3).
- The food and drink mum makes in toto, so finish up (10, 4).
- Church recess (4).
- Crazy hint fat people want to get (4).
- A magician is required to make a woman duck her husband (10).
- Why the listener has a fresh start in 1947 (2, 4).
- What the turn of the tide may do to a newspaper (4).
- One who pulls his weight in building Babel (5).
- Boy who could be expected to scatter rice little by little (4).
- In service without a deputy shut up the snake (7).

DOWN

- Hinged for the associate editor (7).
- Expert at steering? The woman will take a rare assortment (7).
- The confused hunt is up in the East for anyone instantly interested (10).
- Rescue (4).
- Can's contents are turned or if a pitch that is over your head, often (3, 5).
- Spirit that will give us a leg-up (5).
- In short, for each car that reverses the man gives pain to the hearer (7).
- The part of the cricket team that will sicken after tea (4).
- Man's tea cup (anagram) (10).
- Since one is to depart (3).
- When dirt shows up in despatched surroundings, it's harsh (8).
- To beat severely try without question to be over weight (7).
- To appease a pale cat, agitate (11, 7).
- Adam's advice to his weary wife on the mountain (7).
- What the turn of the tide may do to a newspaper (4).
- One who pulls his weight in building Babel (5).
- Boy who could be expected to scatter rice little by little (4).
- \$10, \$5, and \$2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 8, and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close October 2, prizes and solution in issue of October 23.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST, No. 4

ACROSS: 1—Motel (anagram); 4—Sup-porter; 8—Ki/dna/pper; 9—The-It; 10—Sir (hidden); 11—Per-pet-rat-ed; 12—Indeed; 14—A-d/er/ent; 16—Tapestry (anagram); 19—S/cat/oe; 21—Fashionable; 23—Tic; 24—D-aunt; 25—Gala-n/t/ina; 26—Dwellings; 27—Rally.

DOWN: 1—Make-shift; 2—T/u/d/or (rot turned); 3—Trampl; 4—Super (sup/port/er); 5—Port-and; 6—Trial-men-t; 7—R/at/ed; 8—Thres; 11—De-pa-s/t/ure; 14—Any; 15—T/r/eachet-y; 17—Skirt; 18—Rongren; 20—Cleaner (anagram); 21—Paded; 22—Bills; 23—Trial (hidden).

PRIZES for Crossword No. 4: £10 to Mrs. Aileen Menere, "May-Field," Victoria Rd., West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.; £5 to Miss M. Mead, 15 Kirkwood Drive, Hartwell Ed, Vic.; £2 to Mr. R. S. Sim, 23 Glenavon St., Woodville South, S.A.

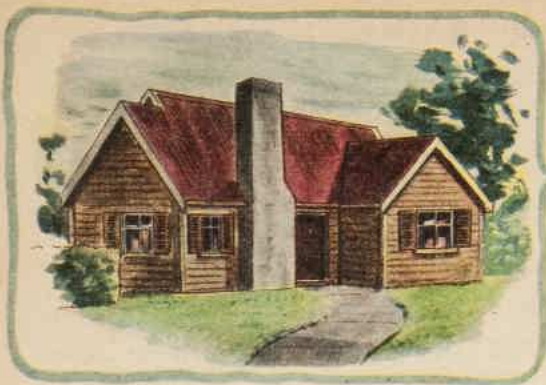
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a shabby house becomes . . .

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BISTO
BROWN'S!

THICKENS!
SEASONS!

BISTO GRAVY FOR EVERY MEAT DISH

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 22

POLLY went along the edge of the water in the opposite direction from where Lionel and Elise and Johnny had gone, in the direction of Medley's battered old houseboat, which lay moored about a hundred yards from the shore in the next sheltered cove.

Hugh Medley was sitting in his dinghy, midway between his houseboat and the shore, fishing. It was one of his favorite occupations.

He took a third fish off the hook and fitted on more bait. His hands were plump and not very deft, but this job he could have done in his sleep.

As the line sank again into the mirror-smooth depths Medley sat back, his hand holding the rod resting loosely on his thigh, a ragged cigarette, half alight, burning at the corner of his mouth.

He was naked except for a pair of old bathing trunks and a wreck of a Chinese coolie hat pulled over his eyes.

He thought. Evening already. The sun was almost gone behind Edgar Rutherford's fine mansion.

What a paradise this place was! Yes, even objectively it was a little paradise. Not just so in his thoughts because the escapist always has to be assuring himself that his retreat is so much better than the things he's given up—clubs and money-making and love-making.

Who wouldn't prefer this? Freedom from friends and family ties, no children to shove you aside and make you feel old, no tedious woman to cling and exact.

Instead, a long afternoon like the one just past, stretched out on your bunk reading and sleeping. And after dinner—quite a civilised dinner, too, with fish and fruit—coffee on the deck and a little music and the breeze freshening and a bottle of Scotch.

Peace. You could make a cult of peace, just as you could of knowledge or money or anything else. Peace . . . the word almost formed itself on his plump, relaxed mouth.

He let the muscles of his face slacken. His heavy-lidded pale blue eyes lifted lazily and rested themselves on the emptiness of the sea and shore.

But the shore wasn't empty any more because Polly Honeyman was coming along the edge of the water. She stopped when she was opposite him and lifted a hand in greeting. . . . more than greeting . . . she was beckoning to him.

He pulled in his line and rowed across the stretch of water.

Polly called, as he neared: "I'm so sorry. You were fishing."

"That's all right. I've caught my dinner."

"I've come to worry you, Mr. Medley. Can I have a little talk with you?"

"Surely. Hop in." He beached the dinghy and she got in.

They didn't speak while he paddled back over the water and helped her up the ladder on to the deck of his derelict floating home.

He kicked two rickety canvas chairs into place on the deck among the fishing things and gramophone records and an odd drying garment or two, all the clutter that sifted up around him day by day.

He said: "What will you drink? I can give you some not very cold beer, a grocer's sherry, or some good Scotch."

"The answer is obvious."

"I think so."

Polly sat down while he went to the galley and hunted there for a clean glass.

He came back in a minute with glasses and whisky and a jug of water. He'd put on a coat in her honor, a once-white dinner jacket that once might have fitted him. He lowered himself into his chair and poured the drinks.

Polly said: "You've chosen a good spot here."

"Very good, I think."

"With no houses up above and

Edgar's round the bend out of sight."

"Yes, I've been here quite a while. Rutherford and I are old friends now. I get my drinking water from his lowest garden tap. As you can imagine, it doesn't put up his excess water bill unduly."

She laughed. He noticed how delightfully her mouth uncured itself. Not just a silly gaping slit as with so many women.

He handed her her drink. "Now tell me."

She said reluctantly: "I've come to ask a favor of you."

"My dear, it's already bestowed. Not that that's as munificent as it sounds, having nothing to give and not much to lose. What is it?"

"Well, I want to know if I may come and sleep here, spend to-night on your boat?"

He swilled the whisky round in his glass and said solemnly: "This is not the moment for me to be facetious. Go on."

"With Fenella, or Elise."

"Naturally."

"If you could just give us a shake-down on deck."

"Hammocks, I think, in real nautical style."

"That'll be grand, then. You see, my husband walked in to-day."

"Indeed? Do I know the young man? On any of the occasions when I've covered my nakedness and come up to the house for a cocktail, have I met him?"

She shook her head. "No, he hasn't been here before. And he's not young, by the way. I divorced him six months ago. I don't know if you knew."

"I heard something of it."

"The decree is to be made absolute next month, but he's come down to try to get me to call it off. And if I won't . . ."

She tossed her cigarette over the rail and said thoughtfully: "Well, I think he may mean to try some trap—or falling that, to get something against me with someone else."

She went on telling him just how things were about it all, telling it in a passionless voice, as though it didn't matter, when it mattered all the world.

Medley listened silently. When she'd finished he said: "So you want to come here for the night and pull up the ladder?"

"Yes. It'll cut the ground right from under his feet, Owen Shelton says."

Medley nodded, his head continuing to rock back and forth for a minute or two. He thought, Owen Shelton. So that was it. That amiable young man he'd seen around this last week. Well, of course, why not? He, himself, was just an old chap to be made use of.

He said: "Good. Right. That's settled, then. Come on board whenever you like. I'll give you a comfortable chair up in the coolness, and we'll sit and sip cold rum and listen to the G minor stealing out into the moonlight. It's a full moon to-night. You like music? I knew you would."

She put out her hand. "How kind you are, Mr. Medley. I'll be over after dinner."

"And I'll be on the beach with the dinghy waiting for you." He suppressed a sigh. That meant he'd have to stay sober till then—or, rather, in that state of moderate sobriety which only sustained the necessity for further drinking.

Oh, well, she was very pretty, very pretty indeed. That coolness, that stillness, without any silly vivacity . . . She made one think of one of Rutherford's water lilies.

Her thick-lashed grey eyes looked up into his, saying more than her words could ever say. "Good-bye, then—till about nine."

But a number of things clashed at nine o'clock, and the "thing" that came to Polly was very different from moonlight and cool drinks and the music of violins.

To be continued



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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

SUGGESTIONS are offered this week for a wide range of readers' problems. They include the renovation of a frock, suitable beach-wear for a middle-aged woman, best type of frock for a fashion-conscious country girl, and new summer color combinations.

All white is smart

"I AM very anxious to get your advice for a couple of outfits I have in mind for summer. First of all, is all white smart for summer, and secondly do you consider black is correct for hot weather?"

This summer for the first time in years all white is chic; you can put white to white. Chalk-white dress, white hat, white shoes, white gloves, and white beads. You can also take white and add gold; white dress, gold jewellery, gold kid bag, and gold kid belt. The dull black of linen looks new and smart, but personally I consider during the hot weather black should be relieved with white. For instance, you could wear a black linen one-piece with a wide beret made in white straw. You could add stranded pearls, white gloves, and wear three white carnations at the neckline or waist.

You can't beat cotton

"AS a fashion-conscious country girl I want a suggestion for a one-piece dress. The dress is for best to wear when we go into our local township, 15 miles away. It is very hot up here, so I wondered if you think a dress made in some type of cotton would be suitable?"

Cotton is newly important for summer fashions, and I would certainly advise it for country wear. Cotton gingham looks new, especially a gingham in one of the new color combinations. Think about an orchid-pink overchecked in black, or a pink, blue, and black plaid;



A BIB and matching hemline give new smartness and necessary length to an old frock.

either would look smart and new, worn with a black patent-leather belt and bag, plus white hat, shoes, and gloves. Have the dress styled for easy laundering. A simple top, with bracelet-length raglan sleeves, darted through the midriff to give fullness to a six-gored skirt, would be perfect.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

New look for old

"I HAVE an out-of-date navy crepe frock, and would like your assistance to renovate it. At present it has a fitted bodice and square shoulder-line, high neck with a little collar, and an all-round gathered skirt. The skirt length is 15in. from the floor."

Your first step will be to remove the shoulder-pads—a sloping soft shoulder-line is one of the hallmarks of new fashion. Next, chop off the sleeves to about or below elbow length—either length is new. The third step in the transformation is a deeply inserted bib made of navy-and-white spotted rayon and a matching 2in. hemline. The bib will live up the bodice, and the extra length is necessary for the current fashion trend.

Flattering fullness

"I AM 17, short, and not too slim around the hips, but fortunately I have quite a small waist. I love full skirts and intend to make one for my new spring outfit, but can't decide what type of fullness would be best for my figure. I don't like the all-round gathered skirts, and I already have a dress with all-round pleats."

Have your skirt gored, and it will swing outwards, gradually widening. You will find this type of skirt adds inches to your height, and furthermore it will flatter and mould your hips. Or you might follow the smooth-in-front skirt, with fullness released in pleats or a flare at the back. Again you will find this type of skirt fullness flattering to your silhouette.

Discreet beach style

"I AM 50-odd (and don't look a day younger) and love to swim and sit on the beach. I have a 33in. waist measurement and find it difficult not to look ridiculous in present-day swimsuits. Do you think I should give up swimming?"

Certainly not. It may hearten you to know that as a fashion writer I personally believe that looking well on the beach at any age involves some playing up and some playing down. Very few women, or for that matter girls, have a perfect figure. In your age group it is wise to have a swimsuit specially made to your own measurements. Perhaps if you are handy with your needle you might even make it yourself. The correct material is important—don't choose anything flimsy, or you may find when the suit is wet you will bulge, and the suit will cling.

Sharkskin or a heavy rayon linen in a dark plain color or in a dark print would be unrevealing. Have the swimsuit made with a skirt, a shaped square-cut neckline, and have the bodice cut high under the armholes. When you come out of the water always wear a beach coat.

Have the coat long, perhaps made in white terry cloth or white pique. Both launder easily and can be kept in perfect order. Wear a large beach hat, or if you prefer it use a parasol; no mature women wants sun-bleached hair or a sunburned nose.

SEND your order for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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Ready To Wear: Sizes 36 and 38in. bust, nightgown, 71/11; petticoat slip, 38/3; scanties, 24/11. Postage, 1/9i extra.

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A photograph, four times magnified, showing the extra open mesh of the improved Eagley Kool fabric made for lightness, strength and perfect air-conditioning.



Getting the Air?

Don't be an outsider, Treasure! Let Mum guard your charm. Partners are plentiful if you stay nice to be near.

You can trust your bath to wash away past perspiration, but to prevent risk of future underarm odour, trust quick, easily applied Mum to keep you dainty all day or evening.

Mum is harmless to the skin, even after shaving, and to delicate fabrics, too. You can depend on Mum.



YOU CAN'T CURE A COLD!

But you can help to prevent yourself from getting one. Medical science has discovered a vaccine which will give, in most cases, immunity from colds for at least 3 months.

This treatment is known as BACTULES, already proven amazingly effective in Great Britain. In large scale tests with 80,000 people, BACTULES gave positive protection for over three months in the vast majority of cases.

BACTULES are now available in Australia. No injections. Just a simple 5-day self treatment available from all chemists, or write for full details to World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

322

Cuticura
OINTMENT



Teen-age glamor guide

Kind friends say you are not really plump . . . but you feel a bit billowy and you want to look willowy. Can you?

WELL, it all depends on you, for when you have willpower you have a shape you don't need to blush about. Because—face it—the normally healthy teen-ager who is too fat almost certainly eats too much.

Eat less, exercise more, and you can be sizes slimmer, but there must be no food fads, no going hungry, no strenuous exercise taken feverishly at week-ends.

Diets for young people are not favored, and eating less, or differently, does not mean dieting. It simply means not over-eating as a steady and gradual means of coaxing out-of-hand young figures into line.

Food For Figures:
A great deal of scientific research

has gone into discovering the foods that one must eat every day, not to enable you to wear a smaller size in belts, but for continued health and vitality. Luckily, both these aims are achieved by the same approach.

The list of daily musts at the foot of the column sets out the eating pattern for you, the idea being that from these basic foods daily menus can be arranged, changing the musts around to suit mood or fancy, re-combining them into appetizing groups, with no one item left out in any one day.

Showing how it's done, here's a day's meal plan:—

Breakfast: Half grapefruit, poached egg on thin slice of buttered toast, 1 glass of milk.

Lunch: Toasted cheese and tomato sandwich, celery and lettuce to garnish, piece of fruit, 1 glass of milk.

Dinner: Cup hot or chilled tomato or vegetable juice, 1 serving lean meat, fish, or poultry, 1 potato, two other vegetables (1 green), piece of fruit, or a serving of stewed or tinned fruit.

A glass of milk at bedtime is optional.

Here are some helpful tips for food-planners:

- Use any preferred bread, but slice it thin and use no more than allowed. Toast has the same number of calories as untoasted bread.
- Serve fresh fruit with no sugar; it is better to use whole fruit than juice. It is more filling for the same number of calories. Where cooked or tinned fruit is used, have smaller servings with no syrup.
- Remove fat and skin from meat and poultry. Eat no fried foods, gravy, or dripping.
- Don't hurry your meal; chew well for more satisfaction and pleasure.

- Drink six to eight glasses of water a day. Some water at meals is all right, but don't use it to wash down food.
- Avoid those little titbits between meals. One soft drink bumps up the calories, one cake of chocolate can undo a whole day of careful eating. And if you backslide once it is easy to do so again.
- Liver in some form once or twice a week is a valuable menu item; beef, pork, lamb, calf, or chicken livers are all excellent. Don't overlook liver sausage, either, which is often easier to buy.

- Skim milk has only half the calories of whole milk, and where used teen-agers need a quart of it daily for bone and tooth calcium. Some of the milk allowance can be used on cereal, in baked custards and junket.

DAILY SEVEN LIST-

	One serving of meat, poultry, fish; cheese can take the place of one of these, or be added, if wished.
	Three or four glasses of milk. Your daily butter ration.
	One egg a day.
	One potato a day.
	Three or four servings of vegetables (green leaf ones preferred; fresh, raw, or cooked.)
	Half a cup fruit juice, and one or two other fruits.
	Three slices of bread, or one serving of cooked wholegrain cereal.

Tack this list on the wall, memorize it, or carry a copy in your handbag for consultation.

BEAUTIFUL "YANICK GUICHARD INTRODUCES

Gay Gossip

from PARIS . .

★ Famous French Make-up
Inspired by Women's Weekly



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OF THE YEAR

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Yanick Guichard

paul Duval
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Girls who Suffer
Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling. Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Acterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

"So much *TASTIER* with Kraft Cheese"

— says **ELIZABETH COOKE,**

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



KRAFT TASTIER TOASTED SANDWICHES

Grand for hot lunches or winter snacks by the fire, toasted Kraft sandwiches have a satisfying, snack-your-lips flavour and they are packed with the first rate nourishment of cheese.

For each sandwich toast a slice of sandwich bread on one side. Trim crusts. Spread untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise Salad Dressing (a butter saver!) cover with a thick slice of peeled tomato, then with a slice of Kraft Cheese* and a strip of partly grilled bacon. Place sandwiches under low griller heat, or in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., until the cheese is melted and the bacon crisp and cooked. Serve hot garnished with lettuce, gherkin, or parsley sprigs.

*Cut slices of cheese from the Kraft 5 lb. loaf, or use two slices of cheese from Kraft 8 oz. packet for each sandwich.



Kraft Cheese Tastes Better because it's **BLENDED BETTER.**

It's blended better! That's why Kraft Cheese always has the same mellow, delicious goodness. The same creamy-smooth texture which makes it so quick and easy to slice or shred, to toast or melt for your cooking. And Kraft Cheese stays fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping. So always keep your kitchen well supplied with Kraft Cheese in the 8 oz. packet.

ECONOMY NOTE: It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the economical Kraft 5 lb. loaf at your grocers'.



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HOW'S THIS FOR **FOOD VALUE?**

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Matron **CONNELLY**
Says:

"**VEGEMITE**



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to good
health"

"Every Hospital knows the value of delicious Vegemite" says Matron Connelly — and children from the age of six months thrive on this concentrated extract of yeast. They love the tastier flavour of Vegemite too!

BONNY VEGEMITE YOUNGSTERS



THELMA PRAED

Thelma is the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Praed of Garton Street, Port Melbourne and her second birthday was on July 27th. Mrs. Praed says: "Vegemite is a great favourite of Thelma's and I know it's doing her a world of good."



GRANT JARRETT

Grant's third birthday was August 1st and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett of Summer Hill, N.S.W. Mrs. Jarrett says: "I wanted to make sure that Grant was getting enough vitamins and the Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegemite for him."



JANET TURNER-JONES

Four years old on August 1st, Janet is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Turner-Jones of Grange, Brisbane, Queensland. "I've been giving Vegemite to Janet ever since my local Infant Welfare Centre recommended it to me" says Mrs. Turner-Jones. "I have found it a most healthful food and I can recommend it to all mothers."

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B₁ (Aneurin)
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- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagic factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



Spring Salads

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Salad vegetables are essential for health and at least one service of uncooked vegetables or fruit should be provided each day—for old and young alike.

THE recipes on this page are planned to make salad supplies go as far as possible. Colors and flavors are carefully blended, and ingredients with a satisfying quality are included. A salad main dinner dish is best served after a hot creamy soup, and should be followed by a hearty appetite-satisfying sweet.

SPRING SYMPHONY

Two cups diced cooked potato, 1½ cups cooked green peas, 3 tablespoons diced parboiled

red pepper, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 dozen pineapple sticks, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 hard-boiled egg, baby lettuce leaves, shredded lettuce, paprika.

Place potato, peas, and red pepper in basin, mix lightly. Add mayonnaise, toss lightly until well mixed. Arrange in nest of baby lettuce leaves in centre of large salad platter. Arrange other ingredients around edge, alternating pineapple sticks (coated with chopped mint), tomato wedges, shredded lettuce. Top shredded lettuce with sliced hard-boiled egg dusted with paprika. Spoon a little extra mayonnaise on to potato mixture in centre, dust with paprika.

CORNUCOPIA SALAD

Thinly sliced corned beef, diced cooked carrot and turnip, mayonnaise, celery sticks, celery curls, softened cream cheese, tomato wedges, lettuce leaves.

Fold corned beef into cone shapes, secure with cocktail sticks. Mix carrot and turnip lightly with mayonnaise, fill into meat cones. Stuff celery sticks with cream cheese, cut into 2in. lengths. Roll balance of cream cheese into small balls. Arrange meat cones, celery sticks, tomato wedges, lettuce leaves, and cream cheese balls on salad platter or individual serving plates. Garnish with celery curls.

JELLIED TOMATO SHAPES

Two cups tomato puree (or sieved cooked tomato pulp), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup boiling water, 3 teaspoons gelatine, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon very finely minced (or grated) onion, 1 cup minced cold meat, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, lettuce leaves, cheese sticks, celery curls to garnish.

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Mix with tomato puree and Worcestershire sauce; season with salt and pepper, add onion. Use half mixture to set a layer in bottom of 5 or 6 wetted moulds (individual size). Mix balance with minced meat and parsley. Fill into moulds when jelly layer is firm. When set unmould on to lettuce leaves, garnish with cheese sticks and celery curls. Mayonnaise may be served separately. If desired, this mixture

SALAD PLATTERS shown here are suitable for spring luncheons or dinners. Top left is pineapple wedge salad. Above are jellied tomato shapes, and below is cornucopia salad.

may be set in a large ring-mould and served in slices.

WEDGED PINEAPPLE SALAD

Pineapple slices, tomato slices, slices of unpeeled red-skinned apple, cream cheese balls, celery sticks stuffed with cream cheese, quartered hard-boiled eggs, lettuce leaves.

Cut pineapple slices in halves, remove hard core. Remove cores from apple slices, cut in halves. Sandwich 4 or 5 pieces pineapple with apple, red skin

uppermost. Arrange on serving platter, garnish with tomato slices, cheese balls, celery sticks, quartered eggs, and lettuce leaves. Serve mayonnaise separately.

QUICK MAYONNAISE

Four tablespoons powdered milk, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon salad oil or melted butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Mix powdered milk, mustard, and salt. Add condensed milk and unbeaten egg, mix until quite smooth. Gradually add water. Beat in oil or melted butter, a little at a time. Lastly, add lemon juice, a teaspoonful at a time, stirring continuously. Mixture thickens with standing and may be thinned with milk or water before using.

BUFFET SALAD PLATTER

One pound cooked flaked fish, 1lb. shelled prawns, 2 diced apples (peeled and cored), 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallot, 1 cup diced cooked potato,

SPRING SYMPHONY salad, at left, is so full of good things that it is almost a meal in itself.

shredded lettuce (or tiny heart leaves), sliced tomato, sliced cucumber, mayonnaise.

Combine fish, chopped prawns, apple, celery, shallot, potato. Moisten with mayonnaise, toss lightly to mix well. Pile in centre of large salad platter. Around edge arrange lettuce leaves (or shredded lettuce, sliced tomato, and sliced cucumber).

DICED JELLIED BEETROOT

(To serve with salads or as garnish.) Two cups finely diced cooked beetroot, 3 level teaspoons gelatine, 1 pint hot water, 1 pint vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar to taste.

Place beetroot in large, shallow dish. Dissolve gelatine in hot water; add vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar. Cool, pour over beetroot, chill until set. Cut into small cubes.

CHEESE STICKS

(Serve with salads.) Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. margarine, butter, or good clean fat, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, water.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, cayenne pepper. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a very dry dough with egg-yolk and a little water. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Cut into sticks about 4in. long and 1in. wide. Brush with milk, place on greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) until crisp and lightly browned—8 to 10 minutes.

May be stored in airtight tin for future use.



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Progress prizewinning recipes . . .
£2000 cookery contest

ENTRIES in our £2000 Cook-
 ery Contest have closed
 and the work of judging win-
 ners is well under way. Pro-
 gress prizes of £5 each will continue
 to be awarded weekly until the final
 winners are announced.

N.B.: All measurements level.
BAKED HONEY ORANGE ROLL.
 Eight ounces * wholemeal self-
 raising flour, 2 tablespoons mar-
 garine or butter, 1 tablespoon
 sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon
 lemon juice, 1 cup water, 2 table-
 spoons honey, 1 orange, 1 extra
 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2
 tablespoons brown sugar.

Sauce: One cup water, juice of 1
 lemon, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 table-
 spoons golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon
 cornflour.

Roll margarine or butter into
 unsifted wholemeal flour; add sugar.
 Mix to a soft dough with egg-yolk,
 lemon juice, and water. Turn on to
 a floured board.

Roll to oblong shape about 1in.
 thick. Spread with honey, sprinkle
 with grated orange rind. Remove
 all white pith from orange, chop
 pulp, remove any seeds. Place over
 honey mixture. Moisten edges, roll
 up, bring ends of roll together to
 form a circle. Place in greased oven-
 ware dish. Cream extra butter or
 margarine with brown sugar, spread
 over roll. Pour 1 cup water into
 dish. Bake in moderate oven (375deg.
 F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45
 minutes. Serve hot with sauce.

Sauce: Place water, lemon juice,
 butter, and golden syrup into sauce-
 pan. Add cornflour blended with a
 little extra water. Stir until boil-
 ing, simmer 3 minutes.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss F.
 Gadd, Charnwood, Avenel, Vic.

PAPAW SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1
 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon mar-
 garine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 tea-
 spoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup
 mashed papaw pulp.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shorten-
 ing. Add sugar, mix well. Mix to
 a light soft dough with papaw pulp
 to which lemon rind has been added.
 Turn on to a floured board, knead
 lightly. Press out to 1in. thickness.
 Cut with floured knife or scone-
 cutter, place close together on
 greased oven tray. Bake in hot oven
 (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric)
 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to cake-
 cooler, cover lightly. If papaw is
 very ripe, extra flour may be used.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J.
 Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woollo-
 win N3, Qld.

**STRAWBERRY MERINGUE
 SPONGE**

Three eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, 1
 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup
 flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1
 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, pinch
 salt, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 table-
 spoon butter.

Filling and Topping: One cup
 sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon
 gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1
 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped
 strawberries, pink coloring.

Decoration: One egg-white, 4
 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated
 lemon rind, green coloring, whole
 strawberries.

Separate whites from yolks of
 eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually
 add sugar, beat until sugar is dis-
 solved. Add lemon rind and egg-
 yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry
 ingredients. Lastly, fold in hot milk
 with melted butter. Turn into
 greased sandwich-tins—one 8in.,
 one 7in. Bake in moderate oven
 (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric)
 15 to 20 minutes for small cake, 20
 to 25 minutes for larger cake. Turn
 carefully on to cake-cooler, allow
 to become quite cold.

Filling and Topping: Place sugar,
 water, and gelatine into large sauce-
 pan. Bring slowly to boil, cook 5
 minutes. Turn into basin, allow to
 cool. Add lemon juice and vanilla,
 whip with rotary beater until very
 thick. Fold in strawberries and
 pink coloring. Spread over top of
 larger sponge, taking filling right
 to edge. Place smaller sponge on
 top, cover with balance of filling.
 Prepare meringues to decorate.
 Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually
 add sugar, beat until sugar is dis-

solved. Add lemon rind and
 green coloring. Pipe button-sized
 meringues on to well-greased oven-
 tray. Bake in very moderate oven
 (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric)
 15 to 20 minutes until crisp and dry.
 When cold, use with strawberries to
 decorate edges of both cakes.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J.
 Rattray, Pyengara, Tas.

ORANGE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter,
 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons
 milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 8oz. self-
 raising flour, pinch salt.

Orange Cream: Two ounces but-
 ter, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 2
 tablespoons condensed milk, 2 table-
 spoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon
 grated orange rind.

Chocolate Icing: Two tablespoons
 cocoa, 12oz. icing sugar, 1 gill
 water, few drops vanilla.

Cream margarine or butter with
 sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a
 time, beating well after each addi-
 tion. Blend cocoa smoothly with
 milk, add to mixture alternately
 with sifted flour and salt. Turn
 into greased 8in. tin, bake in mod-
 erate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg.
 F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Allow
 to stand in tin a few minutes before
 turning carefully on to cake-cooler.
 When cold, top with orange cream.

Orange Cream: Beat butter until
 soft and creamy, gradually add icing
 sugar, condensed milk, orange juice
 and rind. Whip with rotary beater
 until the consistency of whipped
 cream. Allow to stand 2 or 3 hours
 before coating with chocolate icing.

Chocolate Icing: Blend cocoa with
 water, gradually add sifted icing
 sugar and vanilla, making a thick
 smooth mixture. Warm slightly until
 mixture softens to pouring con-
 sistency. Coat top and sides of cake.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. E.
 England, 4 Ormeo, 42 Bayswater Rd.,
 Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

CASSEROLE A LA ZITA

Five lamb chops, 1 table-
 spoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 3
 small onions, 1 cup sweet corn, 1
 cup diced celery, salt, pepper, 1 cup
 tomato puree, 1 teaspoon meat ex-
 tract, 2 pint water, 5 small potatoes.

Trim excess fat from chops, coat
 well with flour, brown on both sides
 in hot fat. Place in ovenware dish.
 Sprinkle lightly with balance of
 flour. Cover with sliced onions,
 corn, celery. Season each layer with
 salt and pepper. Combine tomato
 puree, meat extract, water. Pour
 carefully into casserole. Cut peeled
 potatoes into service-sized pieces,
 arrange over top of casserole. Cover
 and bake in very moderate oven
 (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric)
 2 to 2½ hours until meat is quite
 tender. Remove lid for last 15 min-
 utes of cooking time to brown potatoes.
 Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. H.
 Maddrell, "Garan Vale," Braidwood,
 N.S.W.

WALNUT MERINGUE BOATS

Four ounces shortcrust pastry,
 raspberry jam, 2oz. margarine or
 butter, 2oz. castor sugar, few drops
 almond essence, 1 egg, 1oz. flour,
 1oz. cornflour, 1oz. ground rice, 1
 teaspoon baking powder, 2 table-
 spoons ground walnuts (put through
 mincer), 1 tablespoon milk.

Meringue Topping: One egg-white,
 2 tablespoons sugar, few drops
 almond essence, 2 tablespoons
 ground walnuts, cherries or walnut
 halves to decorate.

Roll shortcrust very thinly, cut
 and line boat-shaped tins. Spread
 base of each lightly with jam. Cream
 shortening with sugar and almond
 essence. Add unbeaten egg, mix
 well. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour,
 ground rice, and baking powder,
 then walnuts and milk. Three-
 quarters fill each boat with this
 mixture. Place in hot oven (400deg.
 F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) for 10 to
 15 minutes. Prepare meringue top-
 ping. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradu-
 ally add sugar, beat until sugar
 dissolves. Fold in almond essence
 and ground walnuts. Spread over
 boats, return to very moderate oven
 until topping is set. Decorate with
 cherries or walnut halves.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. I.
 Heaton, 13 Elanora St., Mt. Haw-
 thorn, W.A.

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The food is prepared in accordance with recipe and placed in the NAMCO. A special aluminium "separator" enables up to four foods to be cooked at once. A minimum of water is used, thus conserving flavour and nutriment.



After closing the cooker and placing it to heat, you wait till steam issues from the vent, then put the pressure indicator over the vent. You start timing as soon as the indicator reaches the "Cook" position.



Immediately turn down the gas or electricity sufficiently to keep the indicator at the "Cook" position. The surprisingly low heat necessary to keep the pressure up during the cooking period means great savings on fuel bills.

When the cooking time is up, turn off the heat and **WITHOUT REMOVING THE COVER**, cool the cooker under the tap. Wait till the indicator shows the "off" position, then remove the cover and serve the meal.

Here are all the

FACTS ABOUT PRESSURE COOKING

Briefly, the NAMCO Pressure Cooker harnesses the power of steam to the cooking of meals, much as it is harnessed to drive a locomotive.

This means that food is cooked... and perfectly cooked, in an unbelievably short space of time... food that is richer in vitamins and mineral salts than any cooked by the old "saucepan" method... and infinitely more attractive to the eye.

There is nothing complicated about NAMCO pressure cookery. Once you've read the interesting little book which comes with the Cooker, you'll be mistress of the most modern of the cooking arts. You'll be cooking meals infinitely faster than you ever cooked before... and with the complete assurance that they will be superbly cooked.

And you'll not only be saving time, you'll be **SAVING MONEY**, too! You'll be using less gas, electricity or other fuel than before... and will quickly discover that you've more than paid for your NAMCO from these savings alone!

The NAMCO Pressure Cooker embodies all the special features of the very latest British and American designs. Immediately it was introduced into Australia an enormous demand arose; and, despite progressively increasing production, demand is **STILL** ahead of supply. But we're steadily catching up... so, even if you can't buy your NAMCO immediately, you should not have to wait very long. And it's **WORTH** waiting for... because it is in **EVERY** way... in design, construction, ease of handling, appearance and features... the **ACE** of Pressure Cookers.

PEAS	2 MINUTES	VEAL BIRDS	15 MINUTES
TOMATOES	1 "	LAMB CHOPS	10 "
BEANS	3 "	CHICKEN	20 "
BETROOT	5-6 "	RABBIT	15 "
CABBAGE	2 "	FLATHEAD	1 "
CARROTS	3 "	VEGETABLE	1 "
CAULIFLOWER	3 "	SOUP	25 "
POTATOES	5-8 "	GUSTARD	4 "
SPINACH	1 "	CHOCOLATE	40 "
BEEF STEW	15 "	PUDDING	40 "

Compare these cooking Times!

A PRODUCT OF OVERSEAS CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LTD. — HEAD OFFICE: 375 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

Registered **WHITCO** Trade Mark

WHITCO WINDOW FITTINGS

Make Your Windows Easy to Clean



Windows equipped with Whitco swing right away from the latch and become unobstructed—the outside of the window can be easily cleaned from within the room. For maximum insulation no sash weights are required and no lugs or pulleys are needed. When open, Whitco equipped windows swing freely in position without rattling—when closed, the windows fit snugly together.

- Suitable for all types of Windows

Write FOR YOUR **FREE COPY**



of the latest **WHITCO BROCHURE**

which pictorially features modern homes equipped with Whitco Windows. Specify Whitco for all your windows.

WHITCO WINDOW FITTINGS

Sold by **ALL HARDWARE STORES**

Manufactured by **WHITCO HARDWARE MFG. CO.**

Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane

Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney

Agents—Melbourne: **GEO. A. FOX & CO.**, Little Collins Street

Adelaide: **TORRENS TRADING CO. LTD.**, Roper Park

Perth: **SIDNEY COOKE LTD.**, Murray Street



Evan Williams Shampoos
GENUINE ENGLISH

are available again in all grades, and Brilliantine too for all shades. At chemists, hairdressers and leading shops. A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE.

IT HAPPENS IN **TWO SECONDS**



MAKE THE GLASS OF WATER TEST YOURSELF!

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. Within 2 seconds, it starts to disintegrate. That's what happens when you swallow it—hence the quick relief.

Within two seconds after starting his swing, a hockey star sends the puck streaming across the ice at upwards of 85 m.p.h.



And, as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets they're ready to go to work to bring you

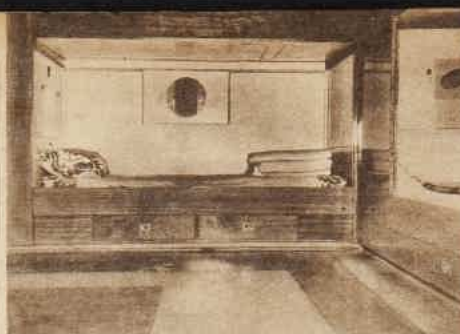
FAST PAIN RELIEF

Why endure needless suffering when Bayer's Aspirin Tablets so quickly relieve Headache, Colds and 'Flu? Bayer's Aspirin Tablets set to work to relieve pain so rapidly because three painstaking steps are taken in their manufacture—not just one—to ensure that speedy disintegration for which they are famous.

No other pain reliever the world over can match the record of Bayer's Aspirin Tablets of use by hundreds of thousands of normal people—without ill effect. The single active ingredient of Bayer's Aspirin Tablets is so remarkably effective that doctors regularly prescribe it as the safest form of pain relief.

ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE **BAYER'S ASPIRIN** TABLETS

4585



GLIMPSE of children's six-bunk room taken without bed-covers in order to show storage space. Night-lamps set in portholes glow softly, reminiscent of a ship.



HERE the family dines. Spreading city can be seen through glass wall. At night it's a glittering fairyland of light and color.



STAIRCASE leads from entrance hall on lower level to dining-room and service rooms, which are situated on the upper level.



YOUNG RIDERS. The three Horsfall children, Gilbert, Leslie, and Gail, astride their ponies, give an exhibition. They all entered horses in the Adelaide Royal Show this year.

Floral queen of the autumn garden

GIVEN the right soil, aspect, and a little more than ordinary care and attention, the chrysanthemum will more than repay the gardener by returning a crop of good blooms with unfailing regularity. Not everyone can produce the giants one sees on exhibition benches, but to the less ambitious the chrysanthemum grown in average garden soil offers many weeks of color and a display unrivalled in its longevity by brighter perennials and annuals.

Much of the trouble associated with chrysanthemum culture is the fact that novice gardeners expect champion blooms from plants set out in hot, loose, sandy soil. Such soils are not to the liking of this rather shallow-rooted plant, which depends chiefly for its subsistence upon rhizomes or semi-runners to which the roots are attached.

For best results the soil should consist of rich, fairly friable, and well-drained loam containing some clay. Decayed cow manure is best, as it is more tenacious and holds moisture better than other manures.

At the same time the chrysanthemum requires firming round the roots, as it abominates loose conditions. When heavy with bloom the long stems topple over unless well anchored and securely tied to stakes.

Tying up of the stems should begin when the plants are 12 to 14 in. tall, otherwise they become swan-



CHRYSANTHEMUMS in all their varying shapes and colorings lend themselves beautifully to room adornment. And they're good lasters.

necked, and, being brittle, cannot be straightened without danger.

Plants should be well spaced when planting out, for they need not be lifted each year. Each plant should be given 18 in. of space each way.

When they are growing vigorously they should be pinched back several times to make the stems strong and to force the development of good flowering wood higher up.

Never let chrysanthemums dry out. Keep the water going right through the hot weather and the plants will not lose their leaves.—Our Home Gardener.



Vitamin treatment for irregularity

A PRODUCT OF ROCKE TOMPSITT & COY. LTD., MELBOURNE

YEASTON LAX

The chocolate flavoured Laxative

IN BOTTLES OF 24 **1'6**

IN BOTTLES OF 48 **2'6**

Does MIDDLE AGE spoil your FUN?

Do you feel that because you're over 40 you can't get the same kick out of life? Always tired, listless, worried? Don't blame your age. There's no reason why advancing years should rob you of enjoyment. Try taking **WINCARNIS**. From the very first sip you'll start to pick up. **WINCARNIS** is such a splendid tonic. A blending of carefully selected wines, with added nourishing ingredients which strengthen the nerves and fortify the body. Try **WINCARNIS** right away. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men are positive proof of its high value as a tonic. Your chemist has **WINCARNIS**. Get a bottle today. **WINCARNIS**... the Wine of Life.



FRONT VIEW of "The Cresta," home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Horsfall, at Crest Alta, on the Adelaide hills. Exterior of house is painted white and the window-frames are geranium-red. Sundeck (above garage, with port-hole windows) is a favorite spot with the family.

Panoramic view from every room

By EYE GYE

AT Crest Alta (high crest), overlooking Adelaide and the waters beyond, to the sea, is the attractive family home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Horsfall.

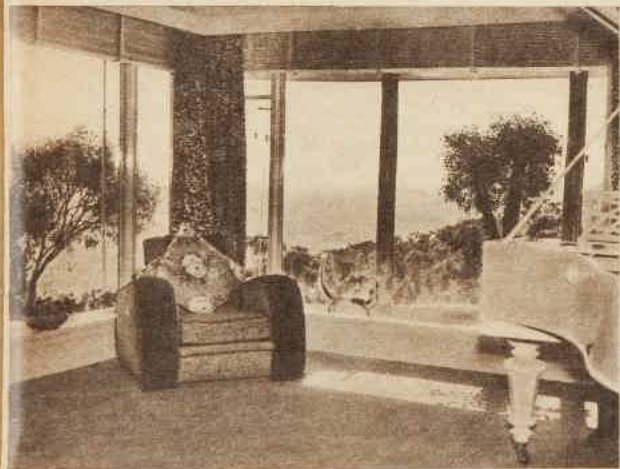
Built on two levels, the house is spacious and livable—a grand background for a sturdy young family who revel in outdoor life, with horse-riding their greatest joy.

In designing their home the Horsfalls made the greatest possible use of glass, so that panoramic views could be enjoyed from every room and because Mrs. Horsfall abhors dim rooms.

Hand-packed stone walls, paved terraces, and the loveliest of rock gardens surround the house, with rockeries and bush gardens running down the sharp incline to the road below.



A LONG DRIVE leads from roadway to the entrance of "The Cresta." This picture also shows one panoramic view seen from the house.



CORNER OF LOUNGE (sometimes called the music-room). Walls are tinted delicate ice-blue, floor is carpeted in a soft mulberry shade, window-drapes match. Grand piano is ivory, easy chairs are upholstered in ice-blue and mulberry-toned fabric. Notice window seats.

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide, and cause terrible itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods? No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future

attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night, and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Now in 2 sizes — 6/- and 12/-

THE RECORDING EVENT OF THE YEAR



Your favourite music interpreted by famous artists and recorded with amazing new fidelity.

REGULAR shipments of English recordings are now arriving in Australia from the huge "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" Record Factories at Hayes—thousands and thousands of Records are being specially imported, comprising your favourite Piano and Violin Concertos, exciting Master-works, World-famous Orchestras and recordings by World Celebrity Instrumentalists and Singers... All the numbers you have been patiently waiting for.

ASK YOUR NEAREST DEALER for the special catalogue of IMPORTED ENGLISH RECORDINGS

The Gramophone Co. Ltd. (Inc. in England); Columbia Graphophone (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.; The Parlophone Co. Ltd. (Inc. in England); HOMERUSH, N.S.W.



GET IN QUICK

for tonsillitis.

Septic forms so soon advance. As with breath-stressed laryngitis. Prompt relief may spare the lance. Get in quick for dread bronchitis. Check its course without delay. Chronic phases end in phthisis —

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure to-day!

Instant Relief for Coughs, Colds

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure



More than a dependable ALARM...

an ornament of beauty

That's the LARK, made in Australia by Westclox (Australia) Pty. Ltd. One of a famous family... always reliable and so handsome and colourful. Close relative of the popular Westclox Big Ben alarm and such typical Westclox value. You will be proud to own the LARK...



BLACK, GREEN OR CREAM. Luminous or Plain Dial.

Distributors: BROWN & BUREAU LIMITED, Melbourne — Adelaide — Perth — Sydney — Brisbane.



Make your garden watering easier & faster
with

Lighter, kink-free, colourful

*So light...
a child can carry it!*

NYLEX PLASTIC HOSE

A sixty foot coil of Nylex Plastic Garden Hose weighs only eight pounds—half the weight of rubber! And it won't kink like rubber hose! It's tough plastic that resists chemicals and sunlight, stands up to rough, hard wear, even being run over by a car, and stays in perfect condition indefinitely! And it's clean and pleasant to handle.

THOUSANDS OF GARDENERS HAVE PROVED NYLEX PLASTIC HOSE IS BETTER!



Available at all stores in FIVE BRILLIANT COLOURS. Tested above garden pressures. Takes ordinary fittings— $\frac{1}{2}$ inch hose 58/6 for 60 feet— $\frac{3}{4}$ inch hose 115/- for 60 feet.



FASTER WATERING, TOO!

Nylex Hose has been proved by tests to give a 25% faster delivery of water. Its smooth internal surface cuts down your watering time by 15 minutes in every hour.

HOW TO ATTACH COUPLINGS TO NYLEX HOSE

Hold the hose end and the metal fittings in hot water for two minutes. This softens the Plastic and makes it easy to slip the fitting in. Screw tight while the Plastic is still warm and as it cools it seals a permanent, pressure-proof connection.

Insist on

nylex

TRADE MARK

it's been proved!

This brand stamped on every hose is the trade-mark of
MOULDED PRODUCTS
(A/ASIA) LIMITED

NYLEX PLASTIC HOSE — SO LIGHT, SO TOUGH, SO EFFICIENT.

NX 295



1087

Fashion PATTERNS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 1086.—THREE GUEST TOWELS

These towels are available with the design clearly traced on good quality white huckaback, simple to embroider. (Lace edge is not supplied.)

Size: Each measures 17 x 22in. when finished. Price 3/11 each. Or set of three (3) for 11/3. Postage 10d. extra.

No. 1087.—LINEN BLOUSE

The pattern for this blouse is clearly traced ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider on good quality white linen; or sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, or green; or rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pink, or blue.

Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, linen, 24/11; crepe-de-chine, 19/11; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, linen, 27/3; crepe-de-chine, 22/6. Postage 1/0d. extra.

No. 1088.—DUCHESS SET

The poinsettia design is clearly traced on good quality white or cream linen, also sheer linen in pale blue or pink. Embroider in tonings to suit linen. (Lace edge is not supplied.)

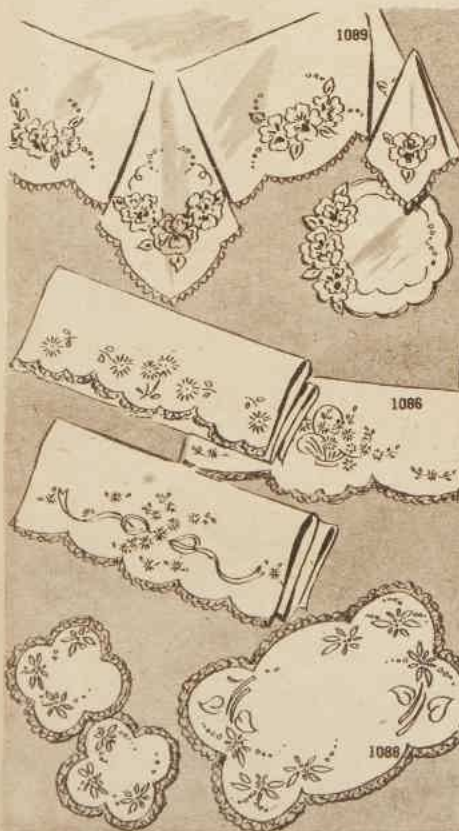
Sizes: Centre mat measures 11 x 17in., and the smaller mats 8 x 8in., 6/11 complete. Postage 41d. extra.

No. 1089.—PANSY DESIGN SUPPER SET

Set includes cloth, serviette, and doyley with the patterns clearly traced ready to embroider on good quality white or cream linen, or sheer linen in blue or pink.

Sizes: Cloth, 36 x 36in. Price, 12/11. Serviette, 11 x 11in. Price 1/3. Doyley, 8 x 8in. Price 1/- . Complete set, 14/9. Postage 1/3d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notion No. 1087, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F5256.—Small boy's sunsuit. Sizes 18in. length (2 years), 20in. length (4 years), and 23in. length (6 years). Requires 1yd., 36in. material. Price 1/8.

F5257.—Small girl's sunrock. Sizes 20in. length (4 years), 23in. length (6 years), 27in. length (8 years). Requires 1 1/2yds., 36in. material. Price 1/8.

F5258.—One-piece with softly draped neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5259.—Button-down-the-back beach dress and matching bolero jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5260.—Simple one-piece has a neat shirt-waist top and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2yds., 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5261.—Skirt with a petticoat frill hemline. Sizes 26 to 32in. waist. Requires 2yds., 36in. material and 1yd., 36in. contrast for frill. Price 1/11.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

Are You Still
keeping
Fresh, Fit
and
Youthful?



THE years slip by, but that's no reason why you should lose your youthful freshness and vigour. The great thing is to ensure regular elimination and a healthy system by taking Bile Beans, the family tonic-laxative.

Tests have proved conclusively that Bile Beans, in their own gentle, thorough way, promote regular bowel action, cleanse and tone up the system and keep it free of harmful impurities.

Constipation, liveriness, sick headaches and similar ills caused by faulty elimination make you look and feel your age. But you can soon get rid of these and regain that youthful freshness and vigour if you take Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime.

Nature's Gentle Aid

BILE BEANS

1/6 and 2/6 of all Chemists

FIRST AID for eye troubles



SMARTING AND INFLAMMATION
STYES
ENCRUSTED LASHES.
Many kinds of irritation can attack tired eyes. Prompt treatment with OPTREX can usually avert something worse. But remember—at the first sign of serious trouble, professional advice should be sought.

Optrex the eye lotion

OPTREX LTD., Middlesbrough, England, O.17.4

Cut Costs of COUGH REMEDY

HEENZO makes 1 pint for 2/-

Every shilling that you can save these days is worth having. And you can save pounds during the winter season by making up the best family remedy for coughs and colds by using HEENZO. HEENZO is concentrated and costs only 7/- a bottle. In your own home you simply add HEENZO to sweetened water and make ONE PINT of quick-acting remedy for coughs and colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza. Nice to take, money saving HEENZO gives instant relief and is guaranteed equally good for children and adults. NOW is the time to buy a bottle of concentrated HEENZO.

COSTS 2/-
SAVES £s **HEENZO**

For Beauty!

"Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes"

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*
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*

The Scamp model in the foreground is "Trade-winds," and in the background, "Buccamoor" — two of the five styles for the 1948/49 season now available from leading stores.



Be "amphibiously" beautiful

On surging surfboard or sun-drenched
beach, your SCAMP flatters where flattery
counts most... is discreet where discretion
is most alluring. In the water... on the water...
or out of the water, it's more fun in a SCAMP.
SCAMPS are amphibiously beautiful!

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Scamp
Created by Turnerschutes

In "Lastex"...for the miracle fit

IT'S YOUTH... IT'S GRACE... IT'S SCAMP